

*"Whether you are a longtime fan or new to the character,
this is a comic you need to read."* — ComicVine.com



MOON KNIGHT™

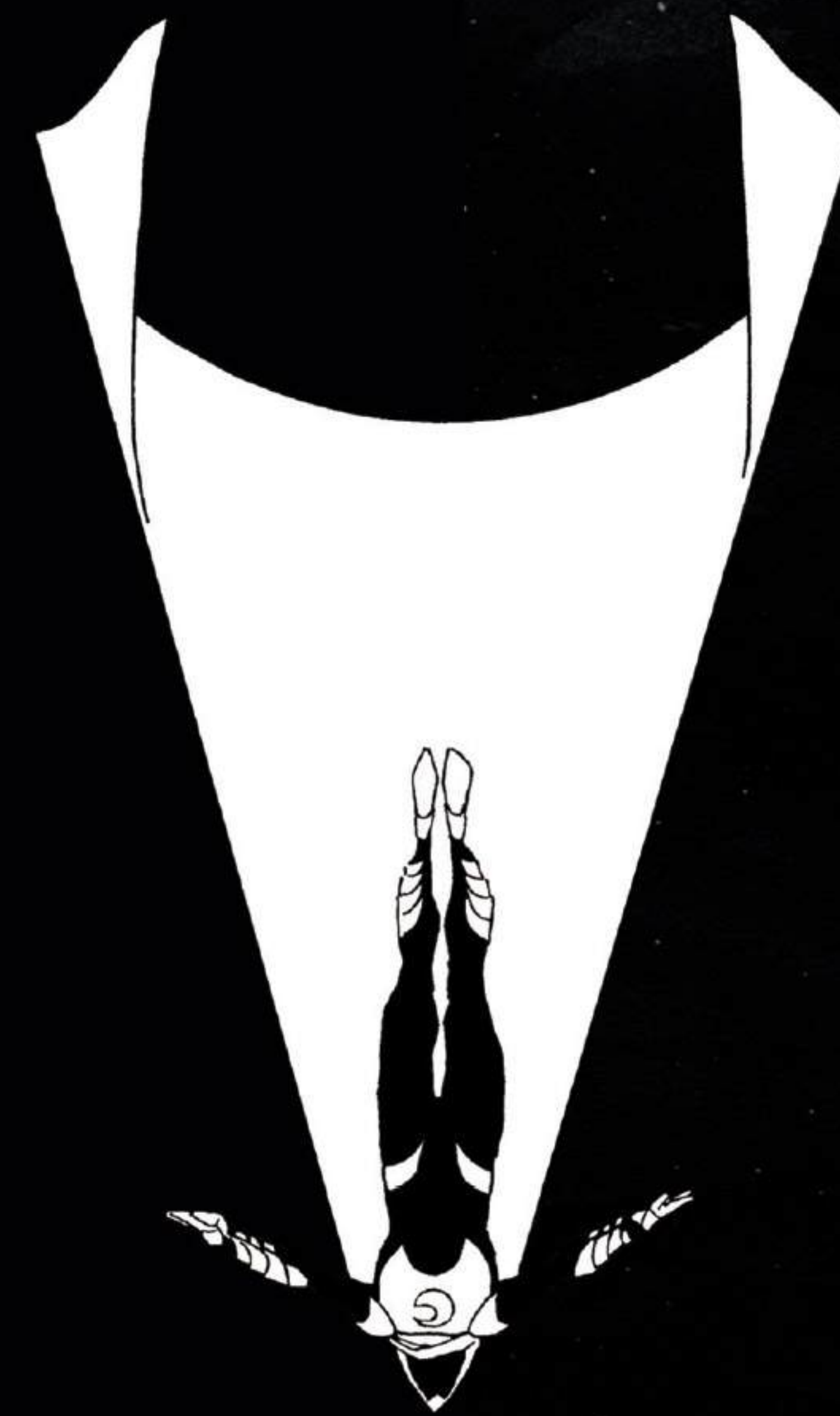
FROM THE DEAD

ELLIS

MARVEL
NOW!

SHALVEY





MOON KNIGHT

FROM THE DEAD

COLLECTION EDITOR: JENNIFER GRÜN WALD
ASSISTANT EDITOR: SARAH BRUNSTAD
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR: ALEX STARBUCK
EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: MARK D. BEAZLEY
SENIOR EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: JEFF YOUNGQUIST
SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING: DAVID GABRIEL
BOOK DESIGN: JEFF POWELL
DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION: TIM SMITH 3
DIGITAL PRODUCTION: STACIE ZUCKER

EDITOR IN CHIEF: AXEL ALONSO
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER: JOE QUESADA
PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ALAN FINE

WRITER
WARREN ELLIS

ARTIST
DECLAN SHALVEY

COLOR ARTIST
JORDIE BELLAIRE

LETTERER
VC'S CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

EDITORS
STEPHEN WACKER, NICK LOWE & ELLIE PYLE



Mercenary Marc Spector died in Egypt, under a statue of the ancient deity Khonshu. He returned to life in the shadow of the moon god, and wore his aspect to fight crime for his own redemption. He went completely insane, and disappeared.

This is what happened next.



MOON KNIGHT



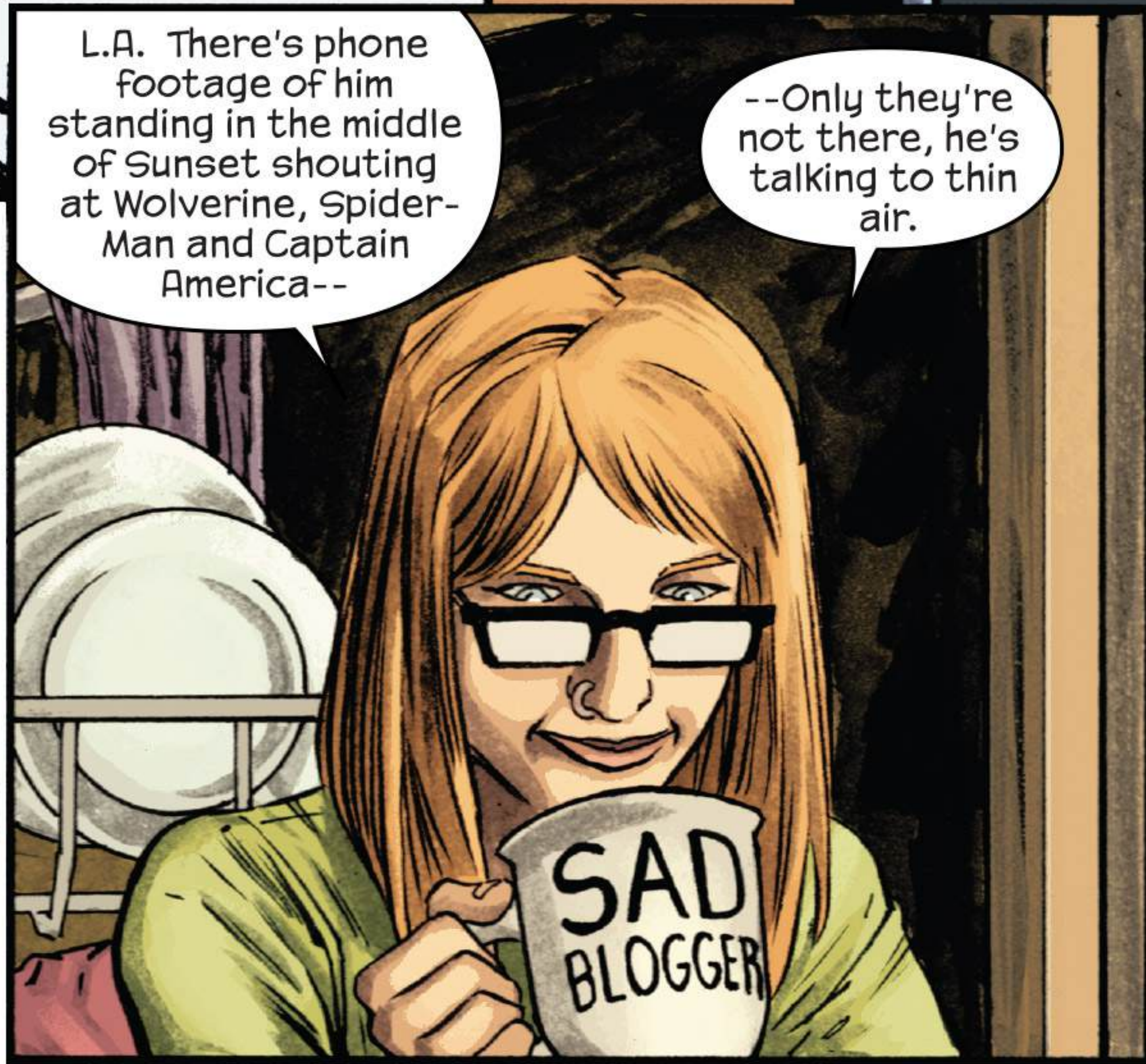
Is that who I think it is?

Is Joy still on the freak beat? Can someone get me Joy Mercado?



That's him. When did he get back into New York?

Why? Where's he been?



L.A. There's phone footage of him standing in the middle of Sunset shouting at Wolverine, Spider-Man and Captain America--

--Only they're not there, he's talking to thin air.



What?

Word is that he has *DID*. What they used to call multiple personality disorder? He's got a great story.



I was told he used to be a mercenary, a real bastard.

And the one time he actually stands in front of innocent people-- this was a dig in Egypt, some hidden crypt-- he gets shot dead by his buddies.



So there he is, dead, at the foot of this statue of Khonshu, an Egyptian god. And he gets up again.

There's this old, hooded cloak draped on the statue. He puts it on and beats the crap out of everybody.



Now, Khonshu, he has four different aspects. So the mercenary, he comes back to the States, becomes the Moon Knight, *AND* two other people.

He's got four different personalities now. Dissociative Identity Disorder.

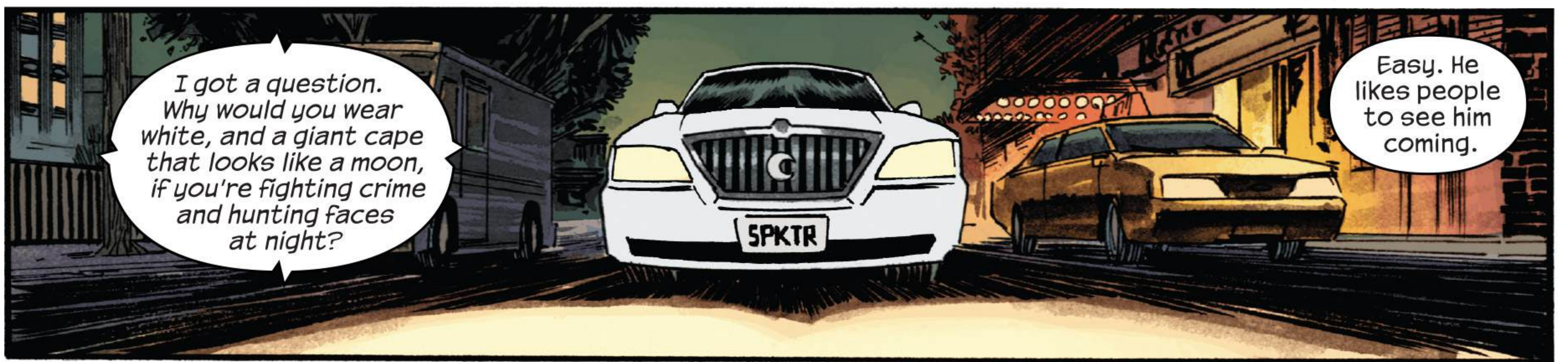


He's completely nuts. Cut off a guy's face once.

If he's back in town, you need to talk to...the Mayor created that new sweeper squad for homicide, specifically for freak beat stuff? He's on that squad.



Flint. There's a Detective Flint on the sweeper squad. Talk to him.



I got a question. Why would you wear white, and a giant cape that looks like a moon, if you're fighting crime and hunting faces at night?

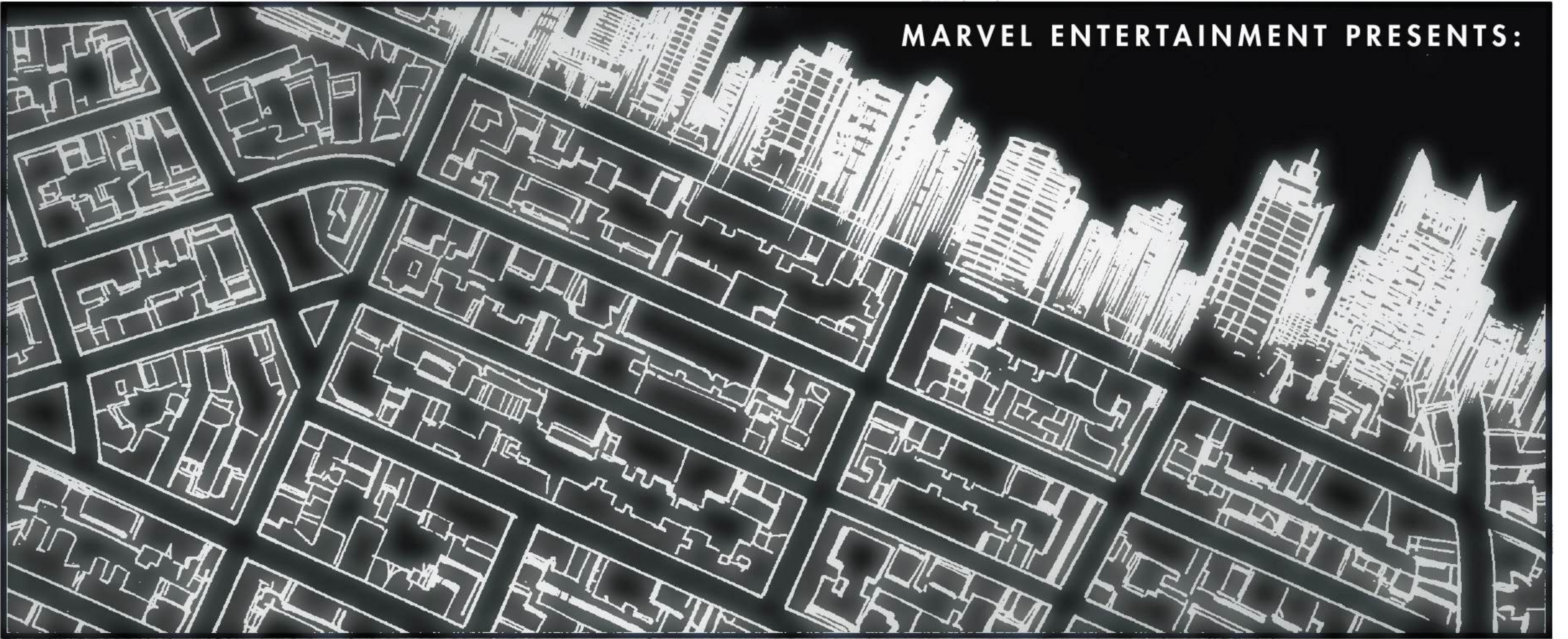
Easy. He likes people to see him coming.



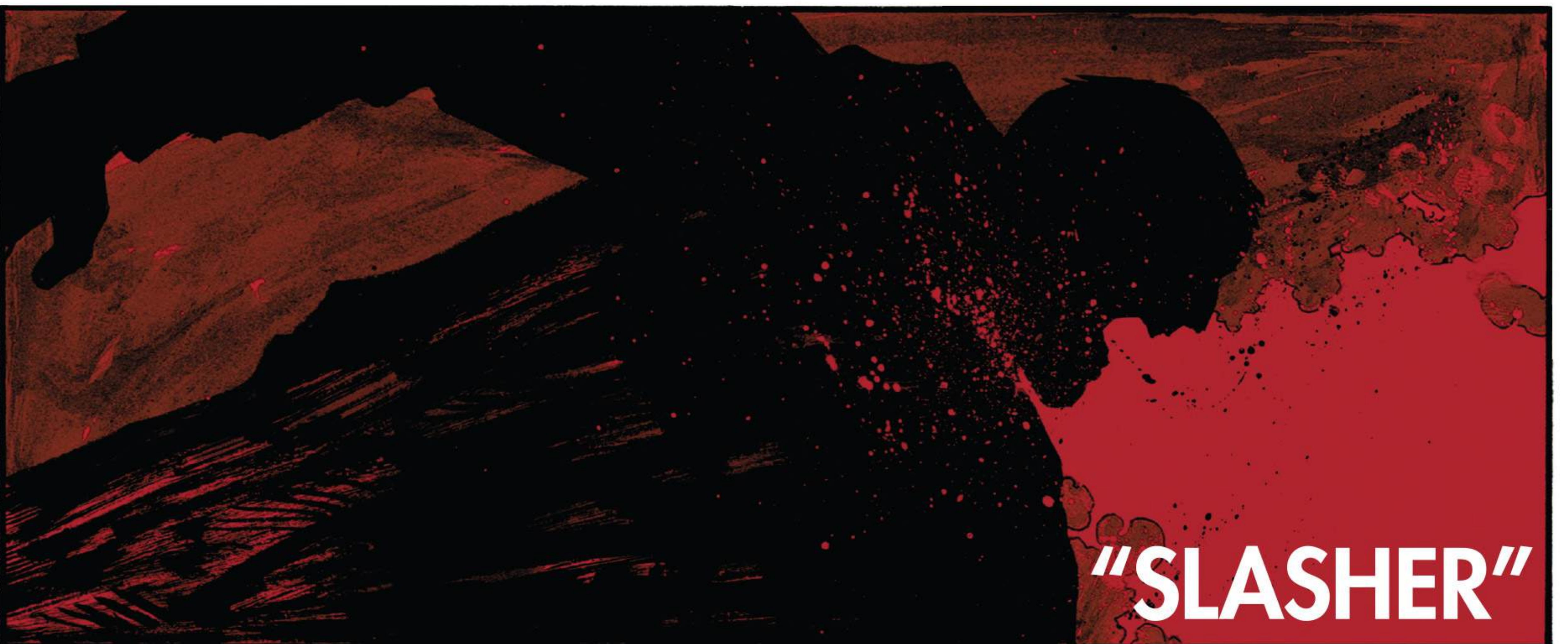
Because he's crazy.



MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



MOON KNIGHT



"SLASHER"



Correlate police radio capture with map and G.P.S.

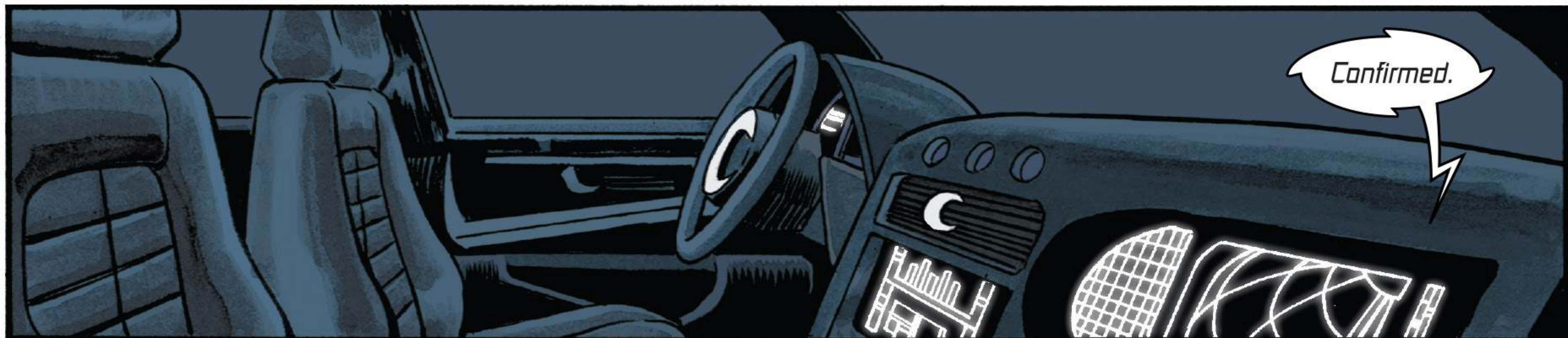
Show me the last four events in incident folder SL2.

Include all folder events in a perimeter.

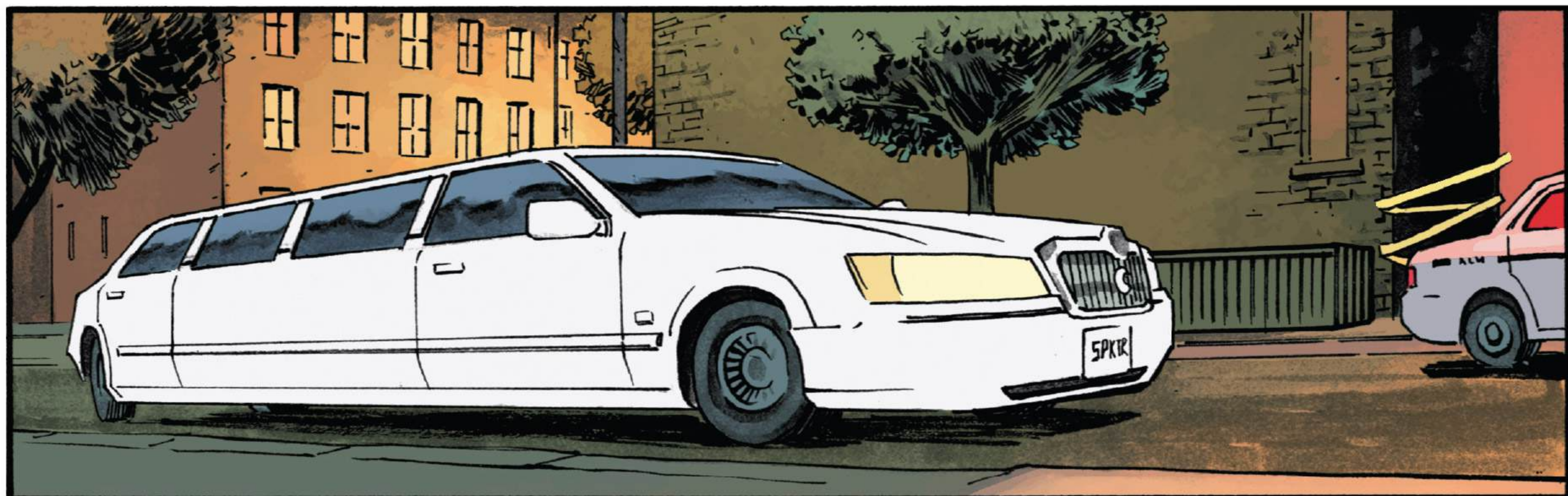


All right, then.

Driver: go to new event location. Town speed. Park.

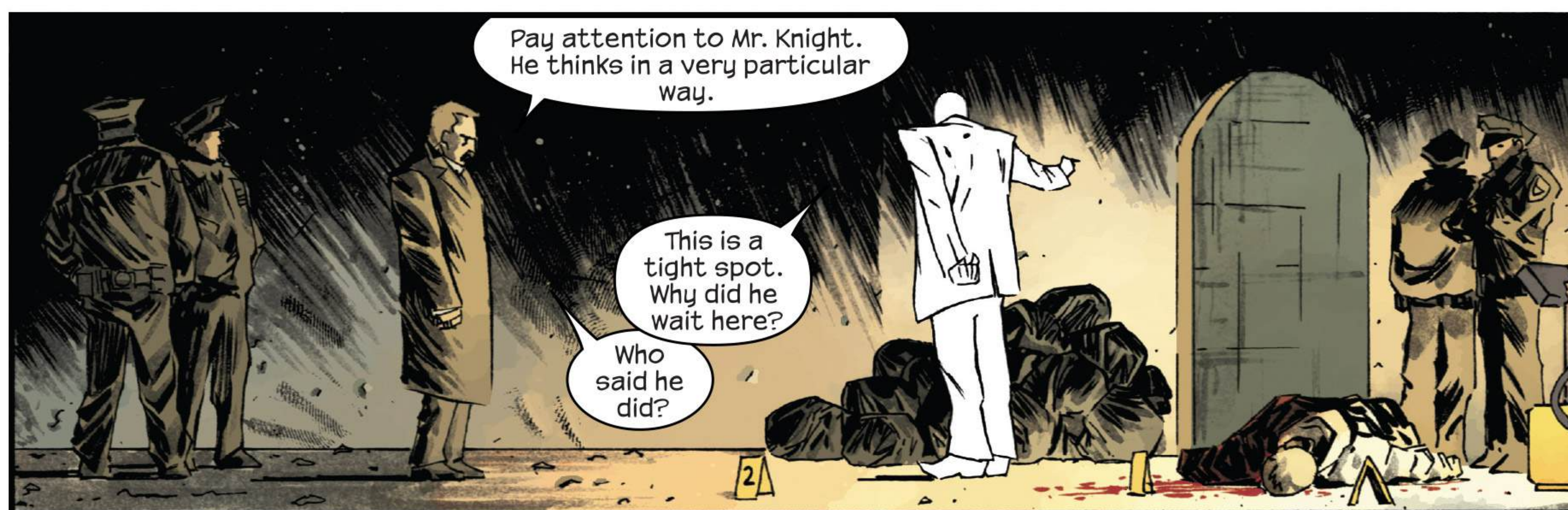
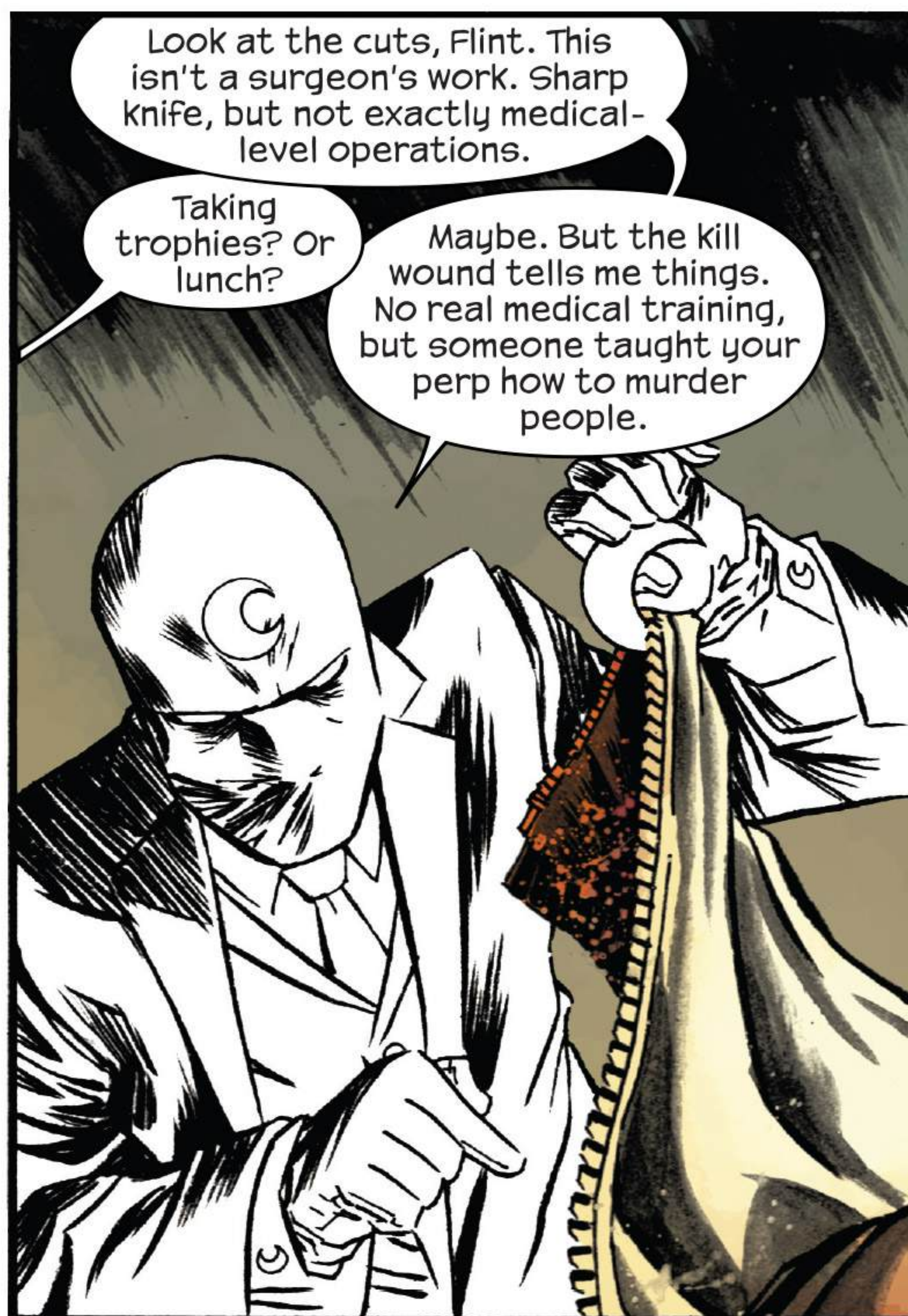


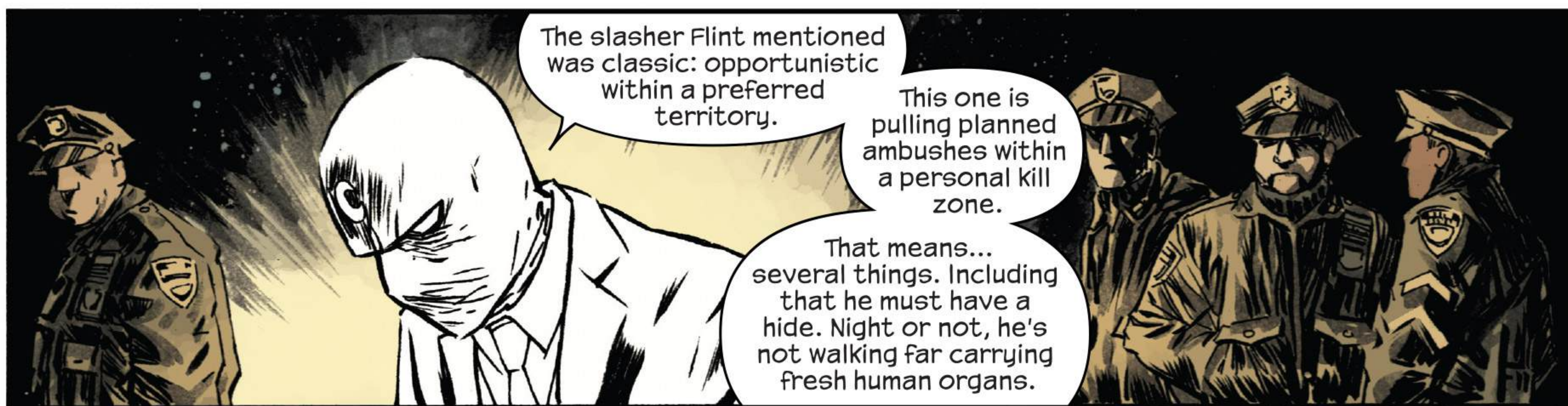
Confirmed.











The maps, and the computers, and the self-driving cars and all the other Tools:



The entire return to New York, paid for with laundered old blood money.



Becoming sane by spending what the crazy days paid him.



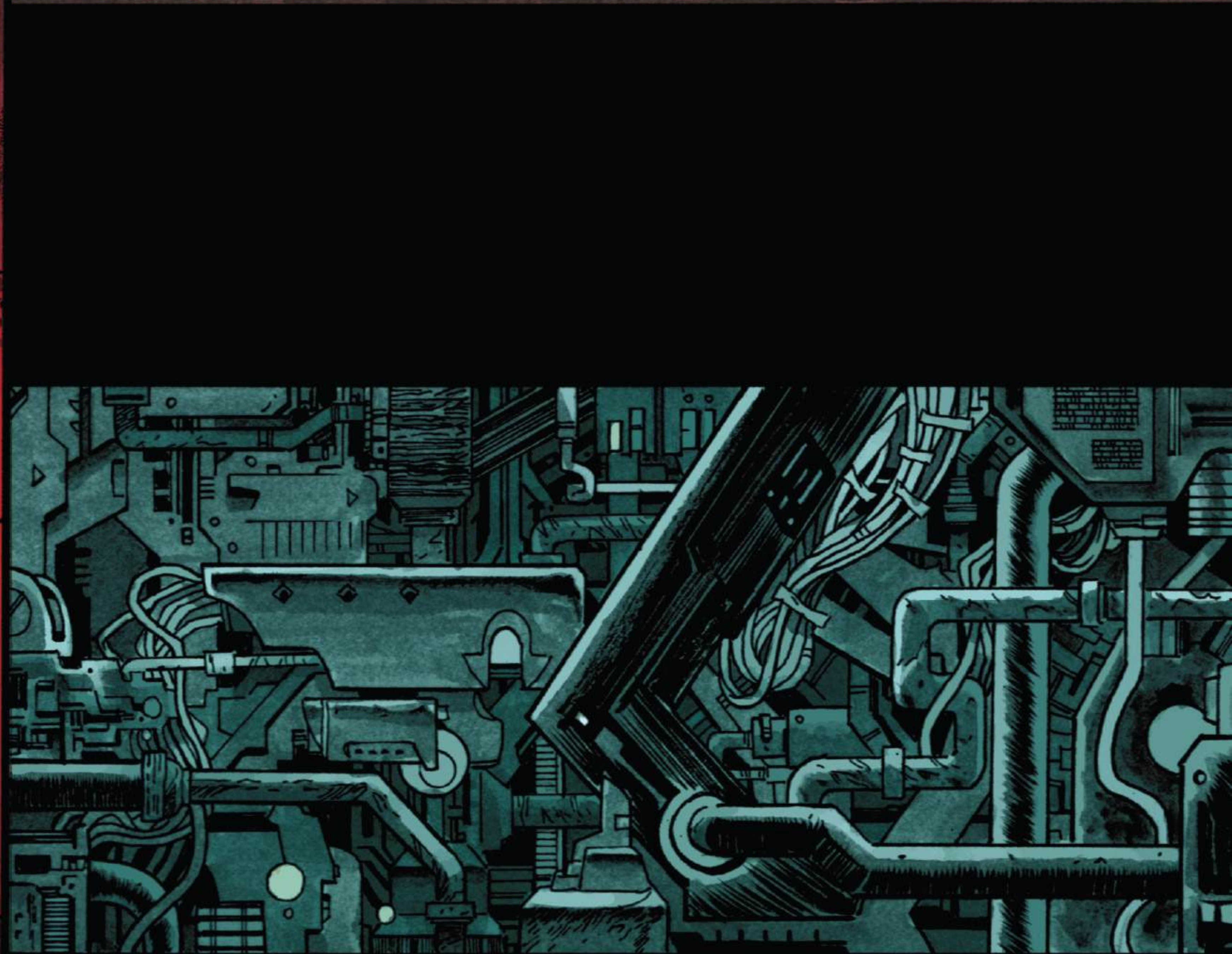
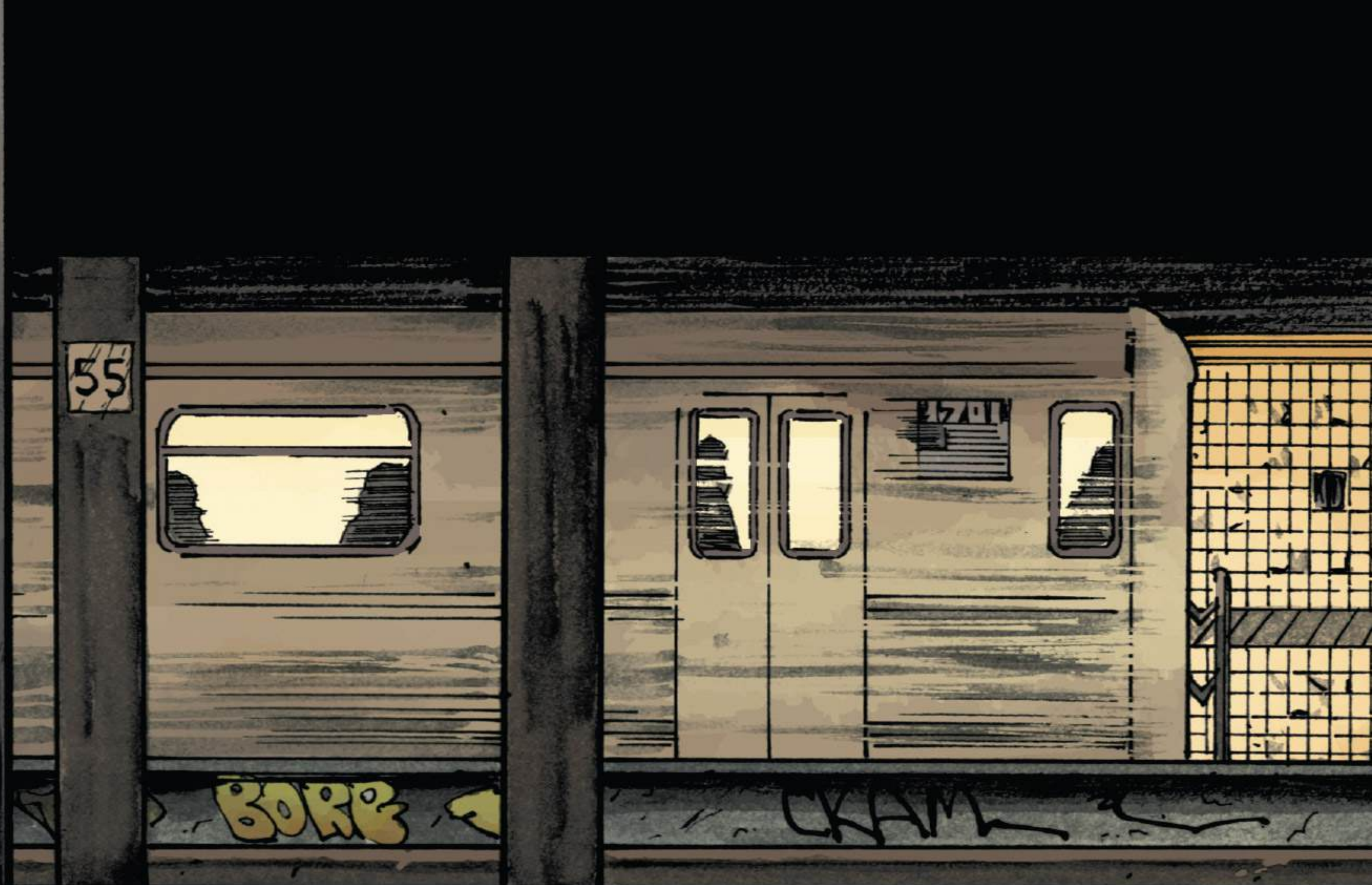
That's how you did it. Pull yourself up a rope and slide down another on an abseil kit.

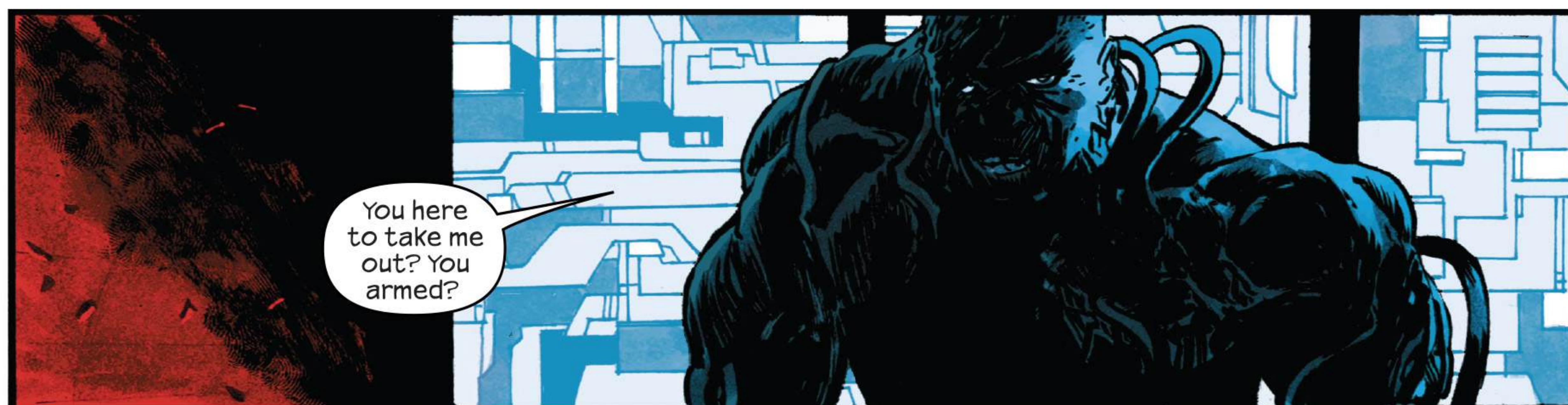
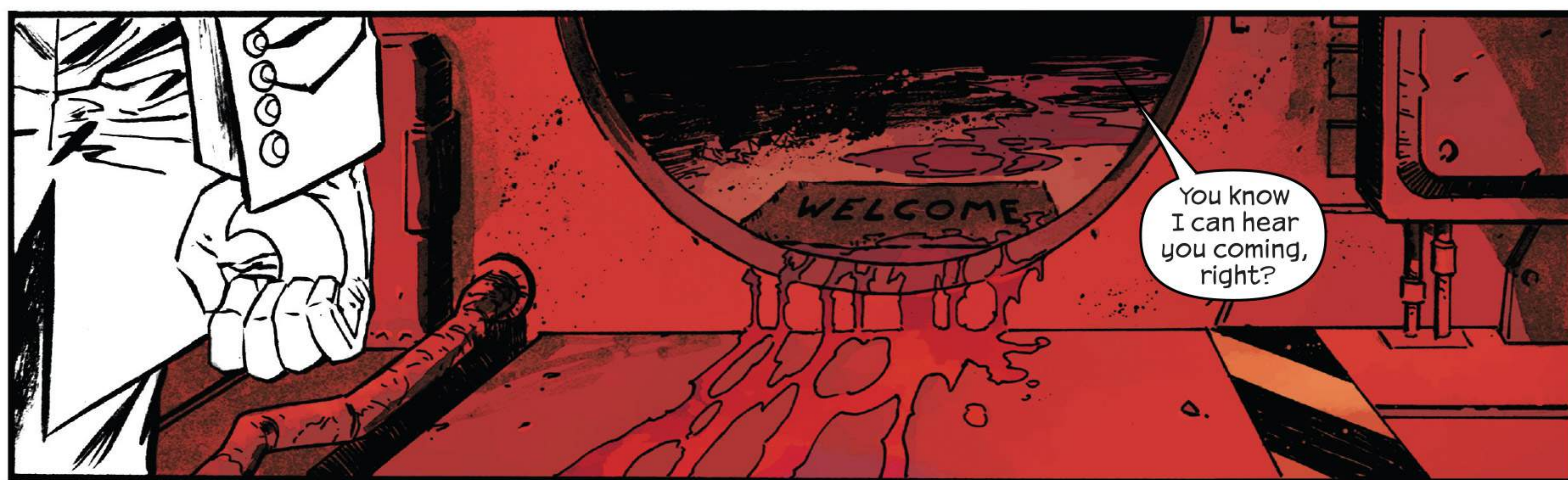
Hard on the arms, easy on the legs.



Well, this is a totally sane thing to do.









My story?

I'm a soldier.
I'm an agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.

And I'm down here to get better.



You were injured in the field?



An IED blew the crap out of me.

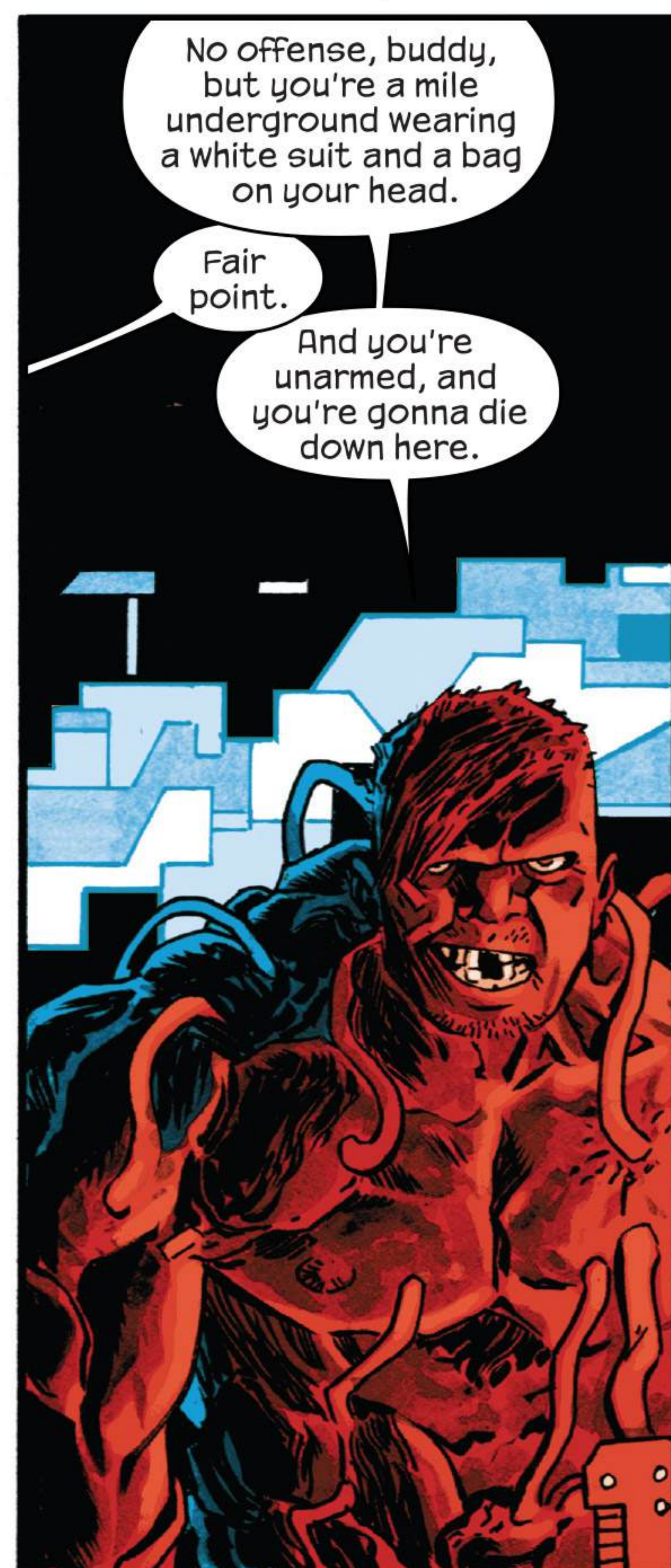
And they wouldn't fix me. Just said I wasn't fit for service and threw me out.



Look at me. Look at me **NOW.**

I found all the old medical stuff they wouldn't use on me because it's "not right" or "illegal" or whatever. And look how much better I am.

I mean, hell. When I'm done, they're going to have to take me back. They'd look crazy not to.





I could. But I have to tell you: You don't know me. You've never met anyone like me before.

You prey on innocent travellers at night. That's all I care about.

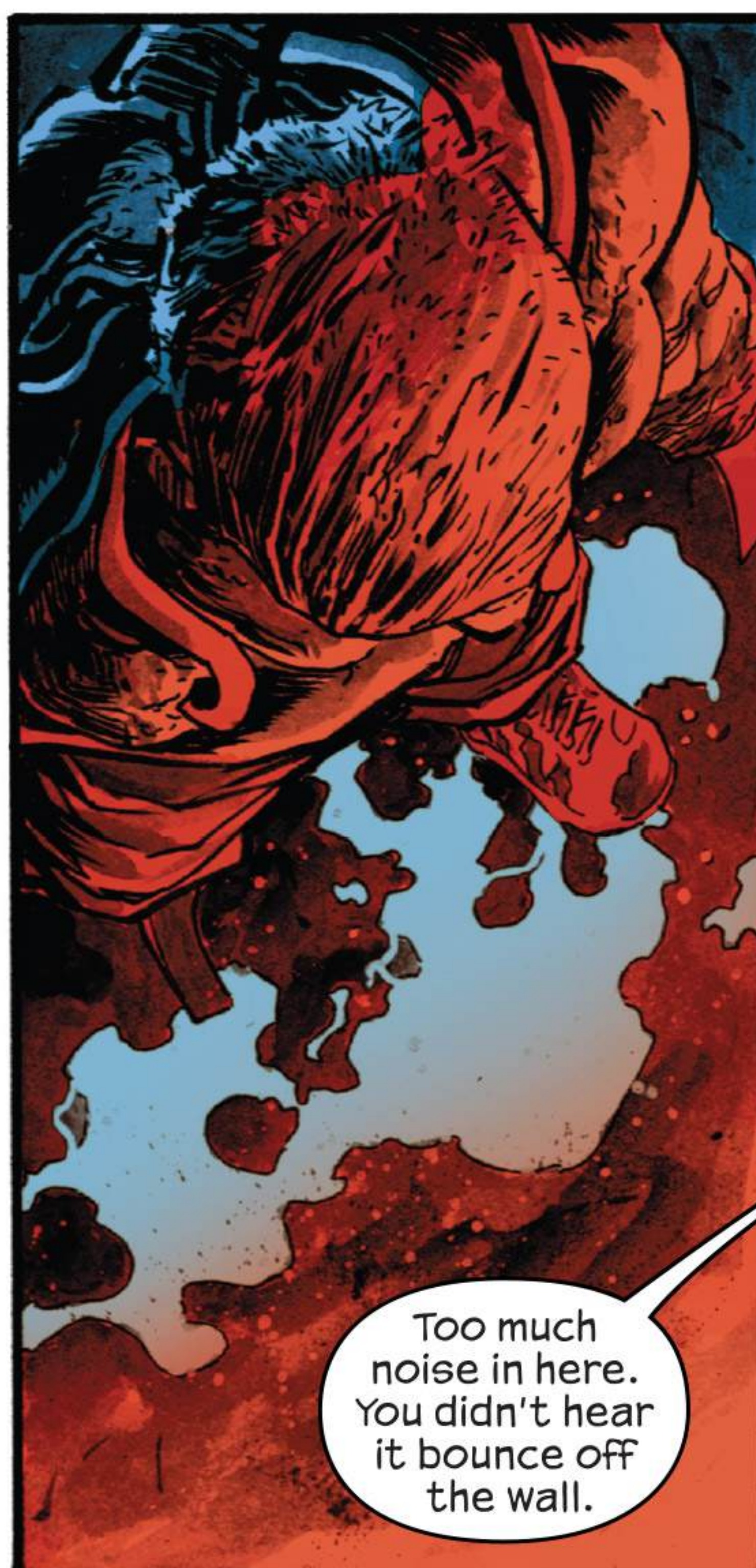
All I'm doing is stopping you, as simply and completely as possible.



So how are you going to stop me?

I stopped you two minutes ago.

Look down.



Too much noise in here. You didn't hear it bounce off the wall.

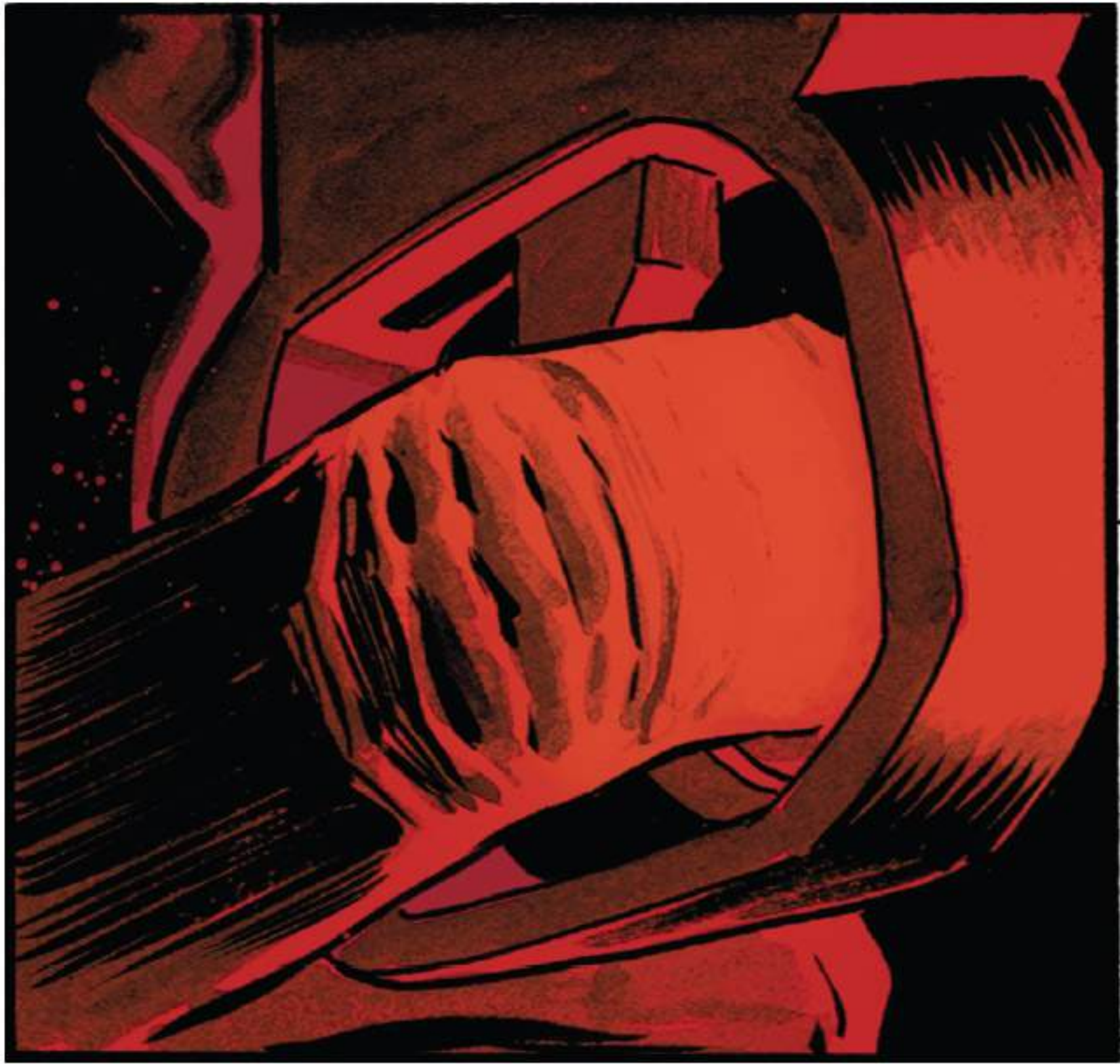


It looked like it was important.

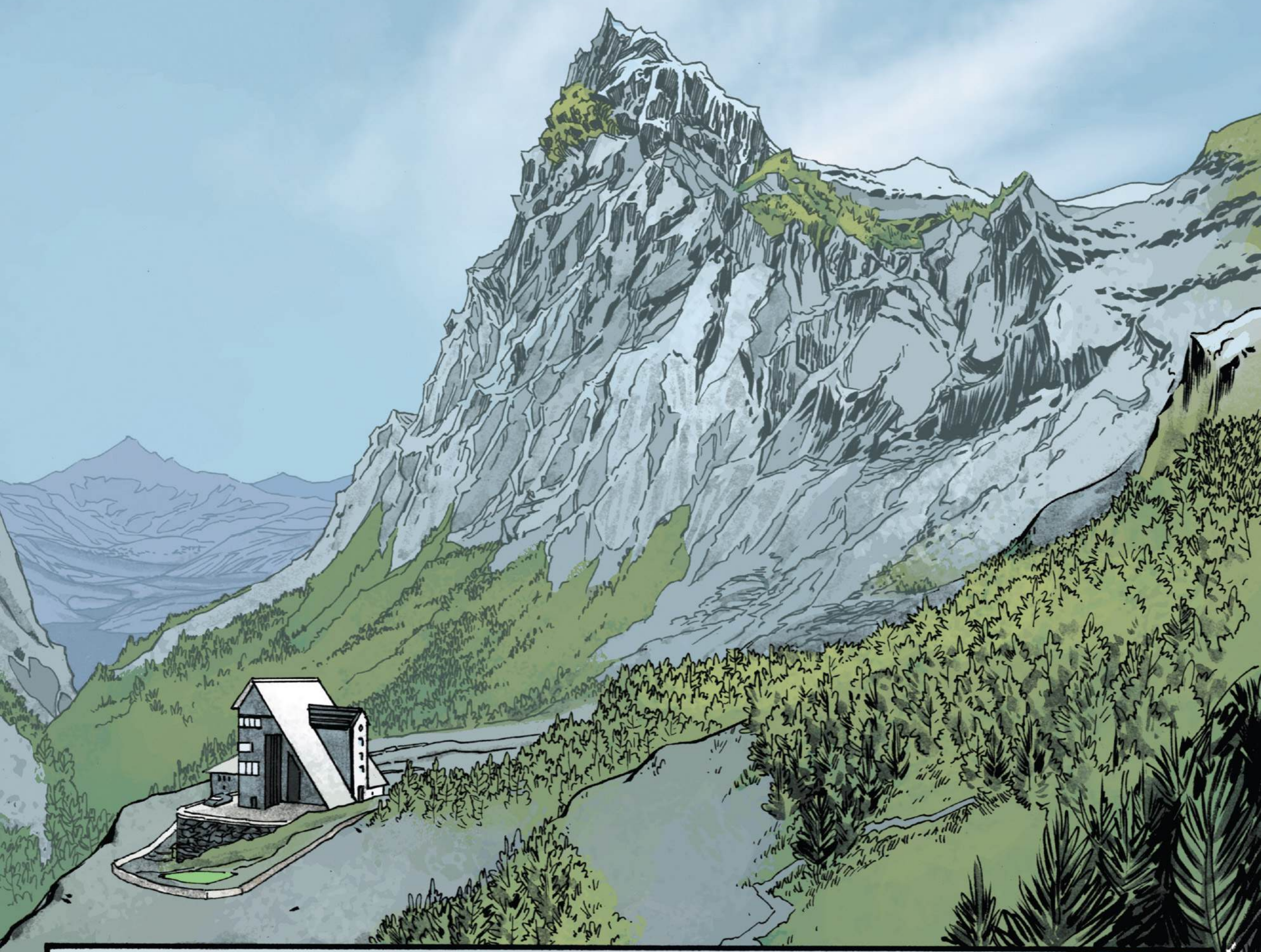


I wonder what would have happened if you'd ever actually been in a fight.

Instead of hiding your lumpy ass behind some garbage and stabbing people in the back from cover.

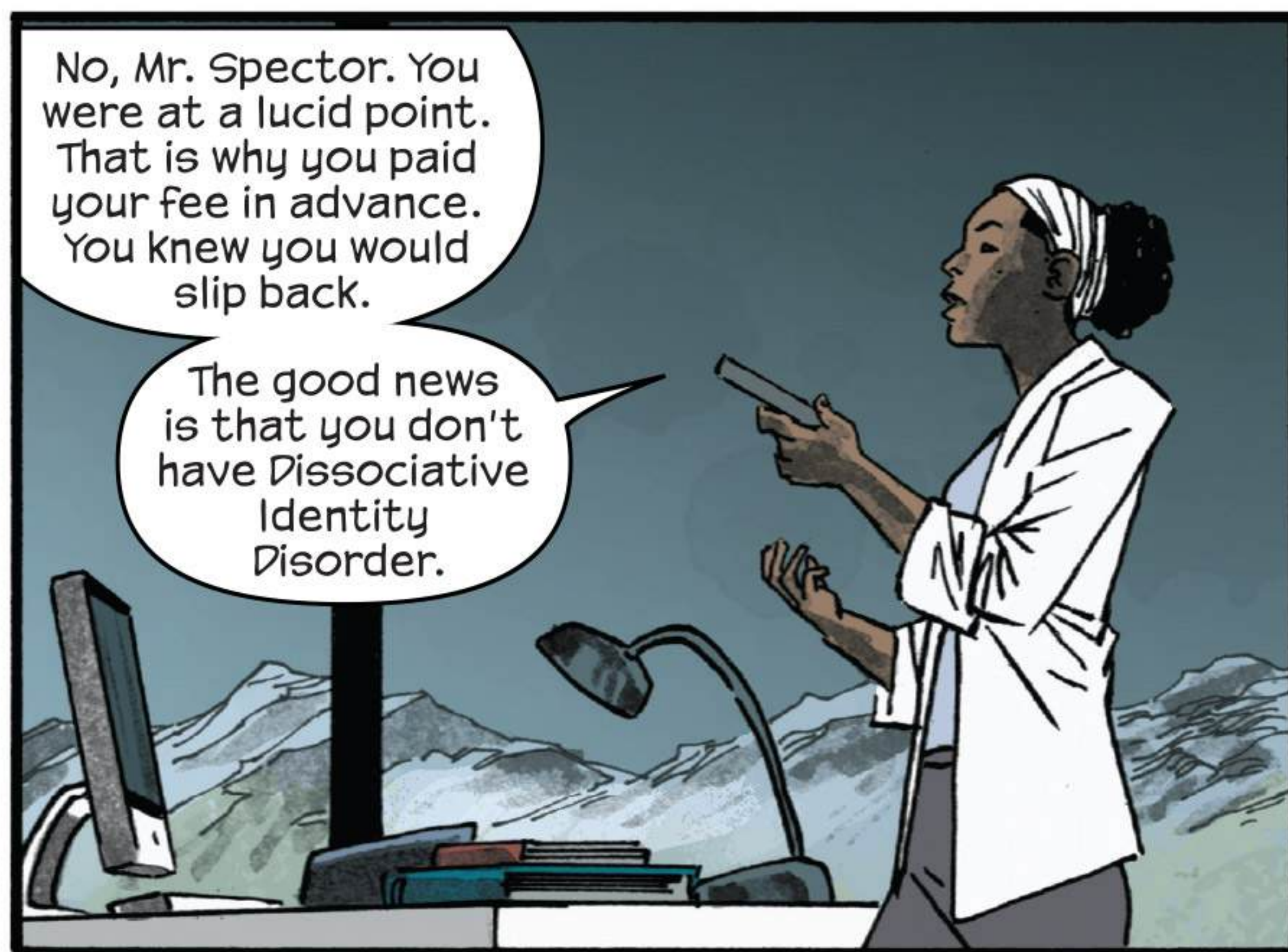


BEFORE NEW YORK:





Look, Doctor, I appreciate the time you spent, but I'm not comfortable with this. I was at a low point when I hired--



No, Mr. Spector. You were at a lucid point. That is why you paid your fee in advance. You knew you would slip back.

The good news is that you don't have Dissociative Identity Disorder.



I'm not certain what barbers and fakirs you had previously consulted with, but you don't "catch" *DID* simply by pretending to be other people for a while.

If that were true, we would be under an epidemic of soap opera actors putting bags on their heads and cutting people's faces off, no?



Not that that would be uninteresting to me.

I'm sure that, following your experiences, you've read extensively about Khonshu.



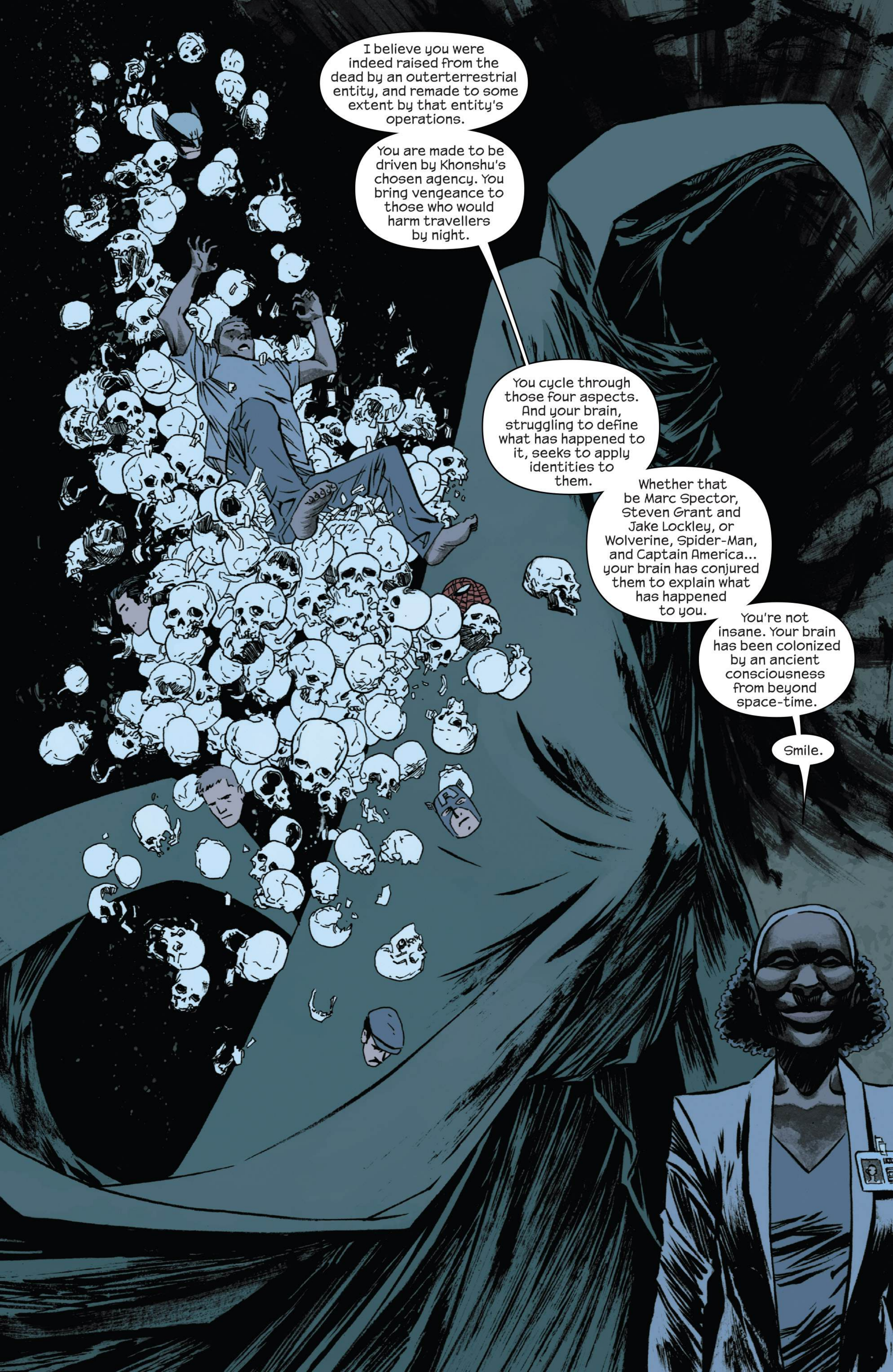
I found it particularly resonant that Khonshu is said to have four aspects.

Pathfinder, Embracer, Defender, and the Watcher of overnight travellers.

And, in your most violent moments, Khonshu's vengeful secret aspect, The One Who Lives On Hearts.



The bad news, Mr. Spector, is that you have brain damage.

A man in a blue shirt and dark pants lies on his back on a dark, textured surface. He is surrounded by a large, chaotic pile of human skulls of various sizes and orientations. Some skulls are whole, while others are broken or partially buried. The background is dark and moody, with some light reflecting off the surface.

I believe you were indeed raised from the dead by an outerterrestrial entity, and remade to some extent by that entity's operations.

You are made to be driven by Khonshu's chosen agency. You bring vengeance to those who would harm travellers by night.

You cycle through those four aspects. And your brain, struggling to define what has happened to it, seeks to apply identities to them.

Whether that be Marc Spector, Steven Grant and Jake Lockley, or Wolverine, Spider-Man, and Captain America... your brain has conjured them to explain what has happened to you.

You're not insane. Your brain has been colonized by an ancient consciousness from beyond space-time.

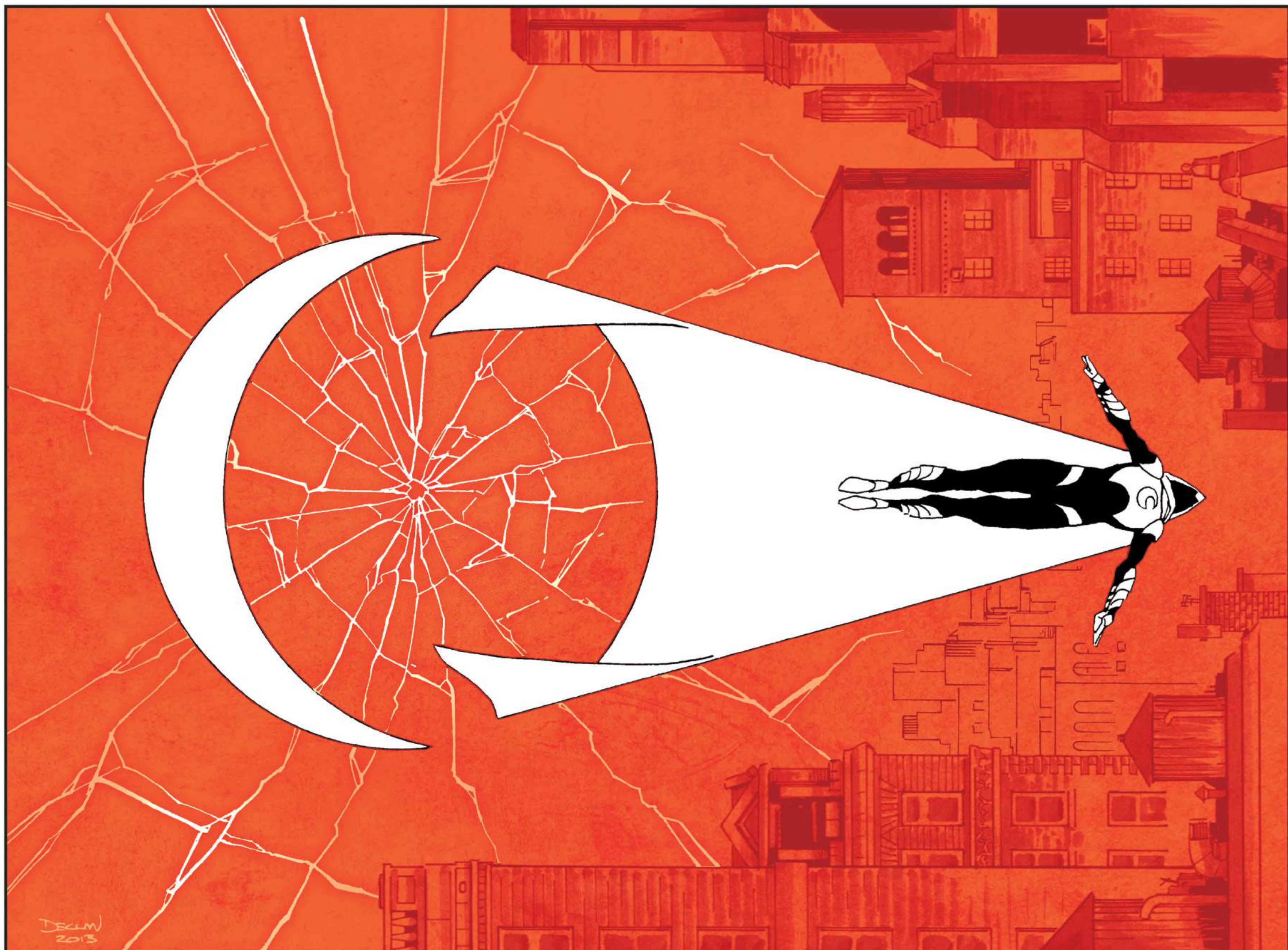
Smile.





YOU
ARE MY
SON.





DELM
2013

MOON KNIGHT

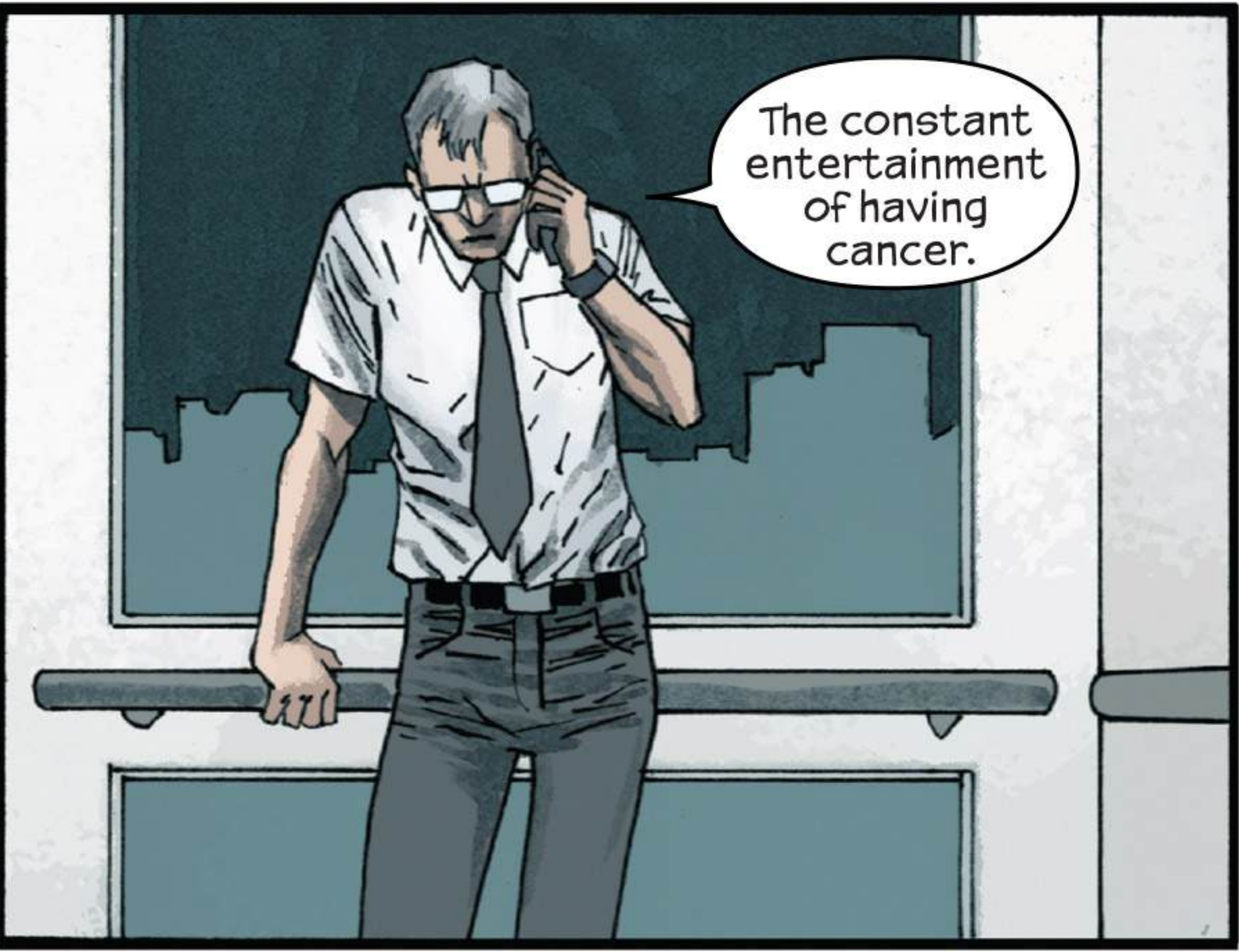




It was a night like this when they left him to die.



Abandoned in a foreign country. No contact, no support, no way out.

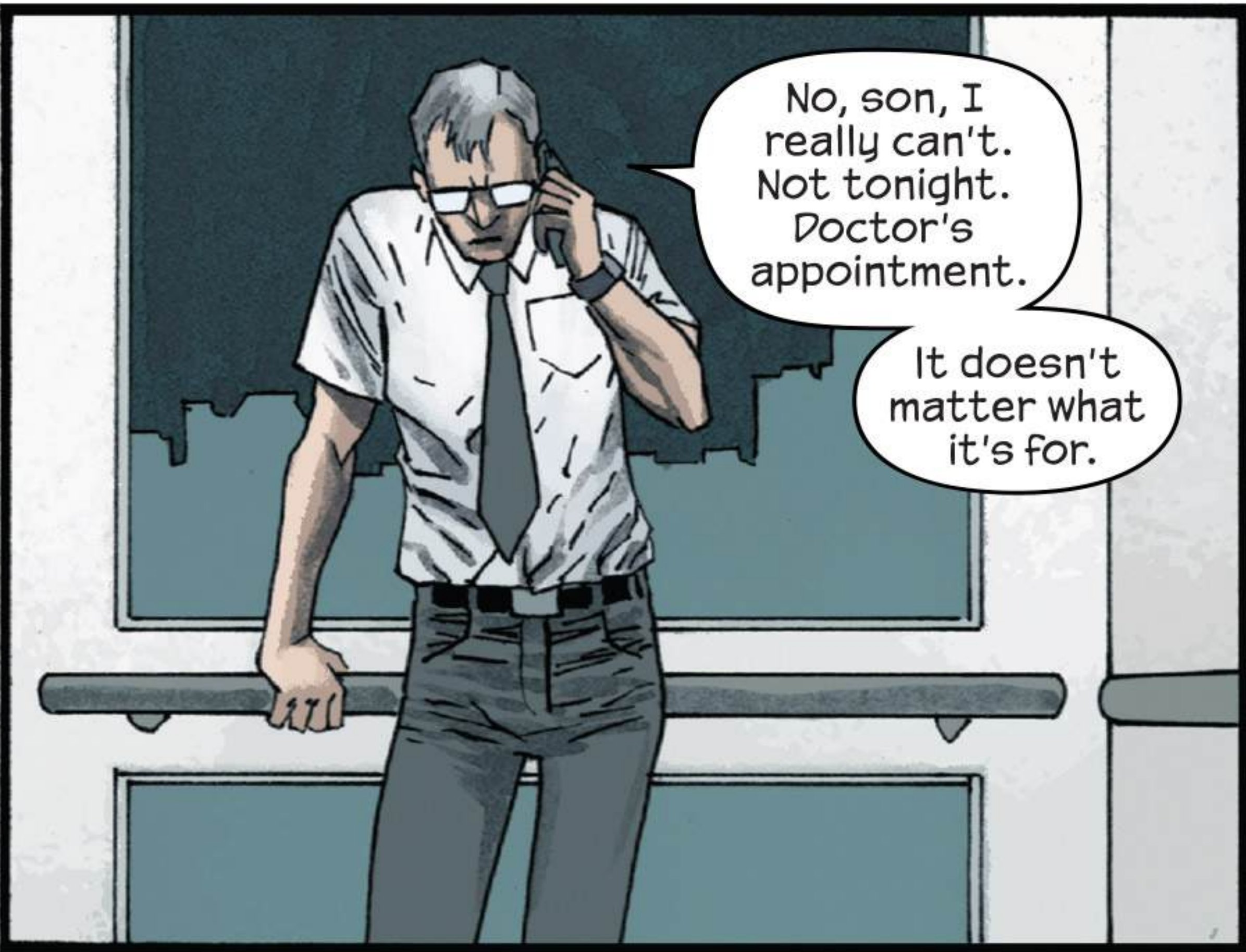


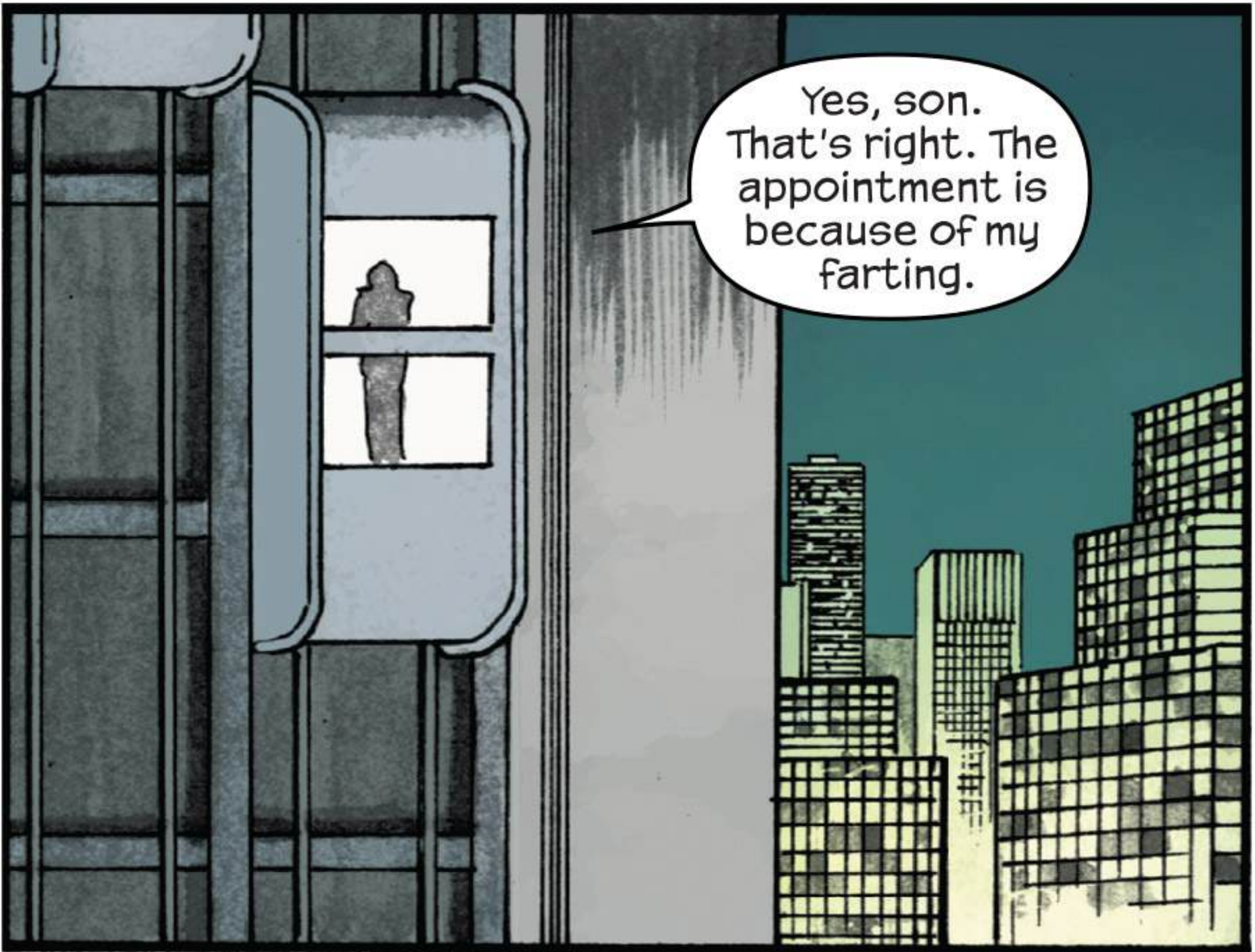


No explanation.
Bought expensively, used for
years and thrown away in
one mysterious second.



There could be only
one response.





They should have it back.



All nine of them. The entire special operations group who obtained and directed and discarded him in the field.

He imagined one final sudden short glimmer of amusement in their minds before the bullet met the bone:



That he was doing this last job for free.

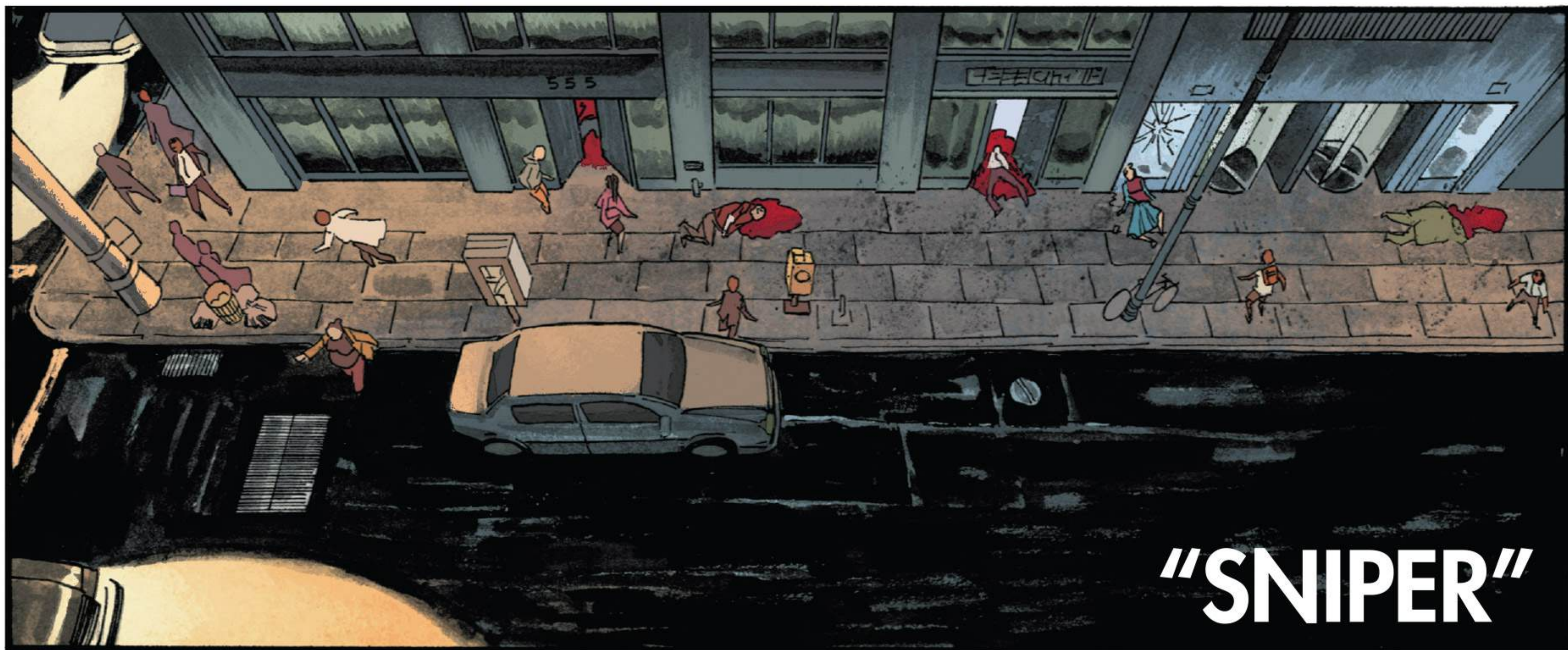




MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



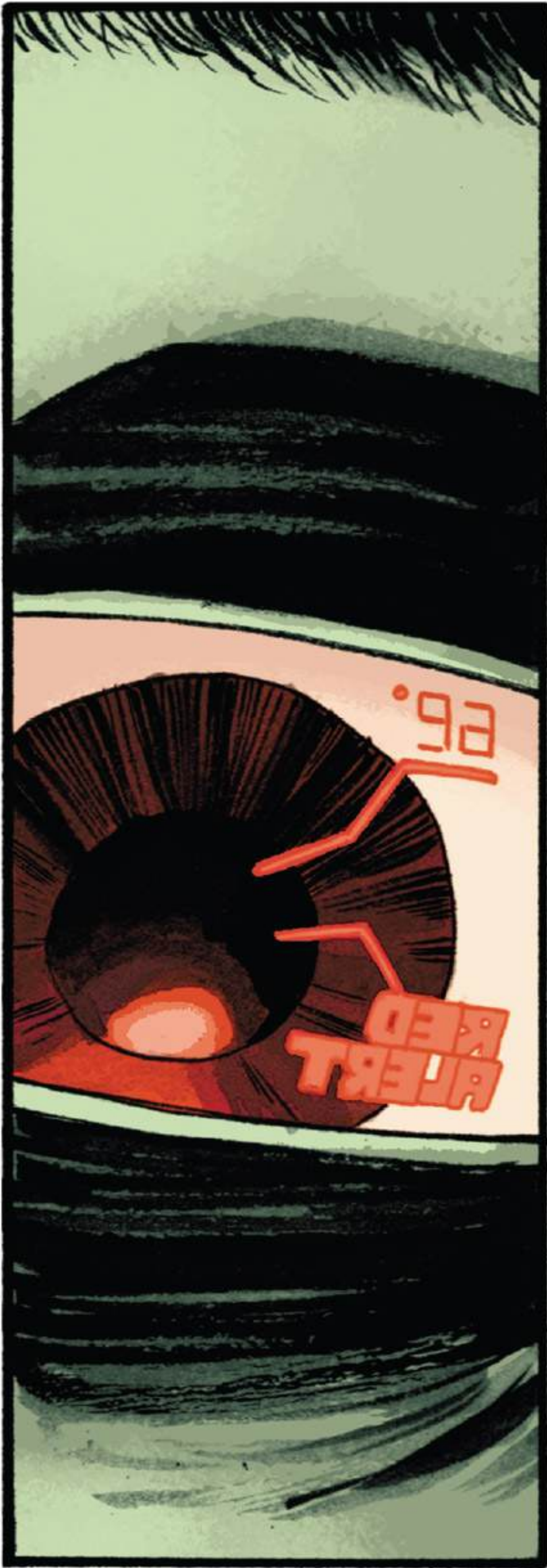
MOON KNIGHT

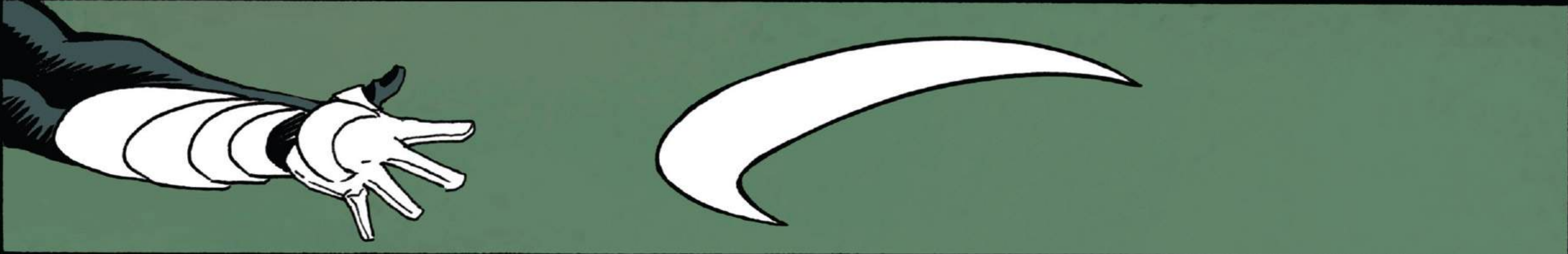


"SNIPER"

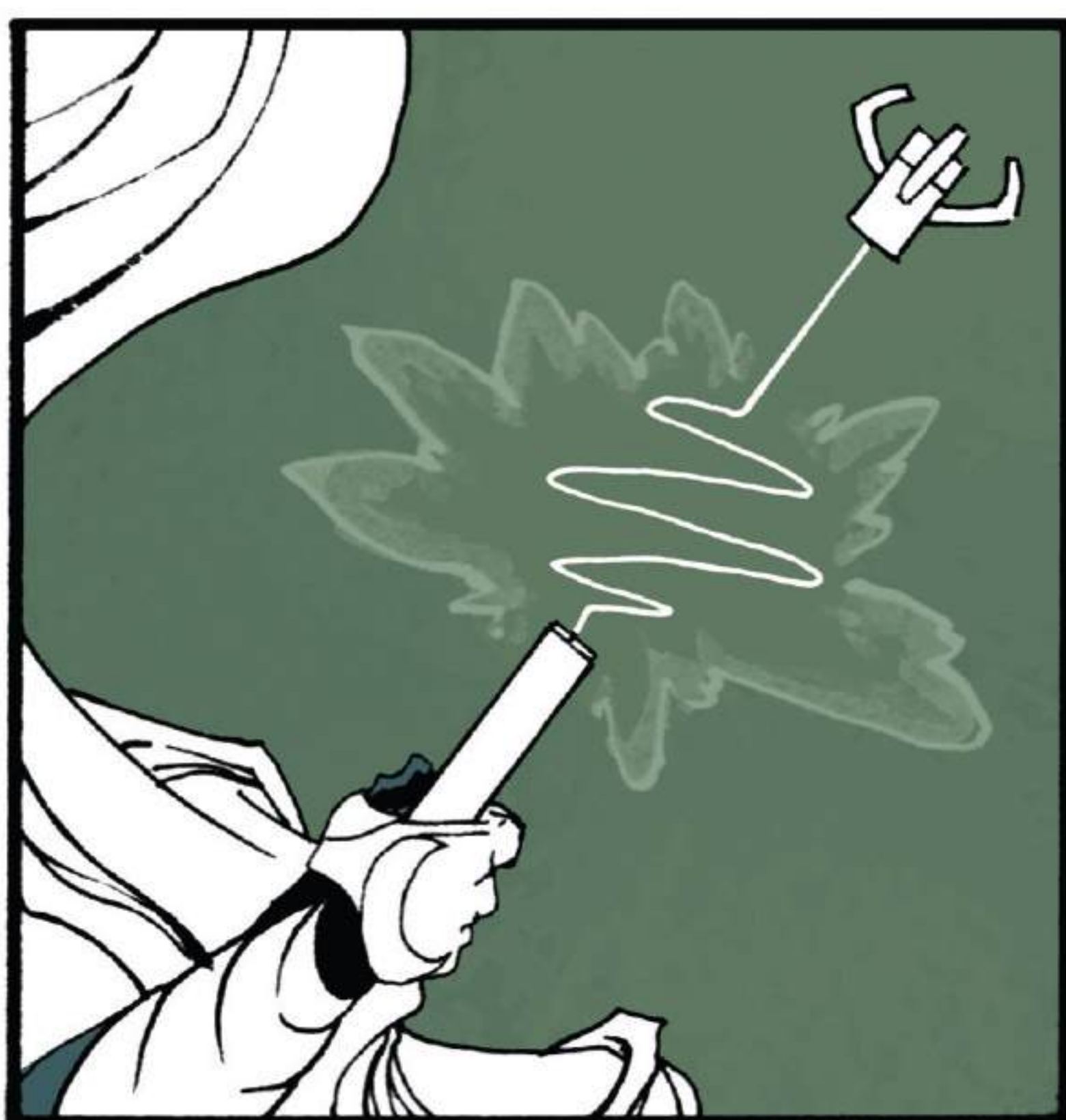




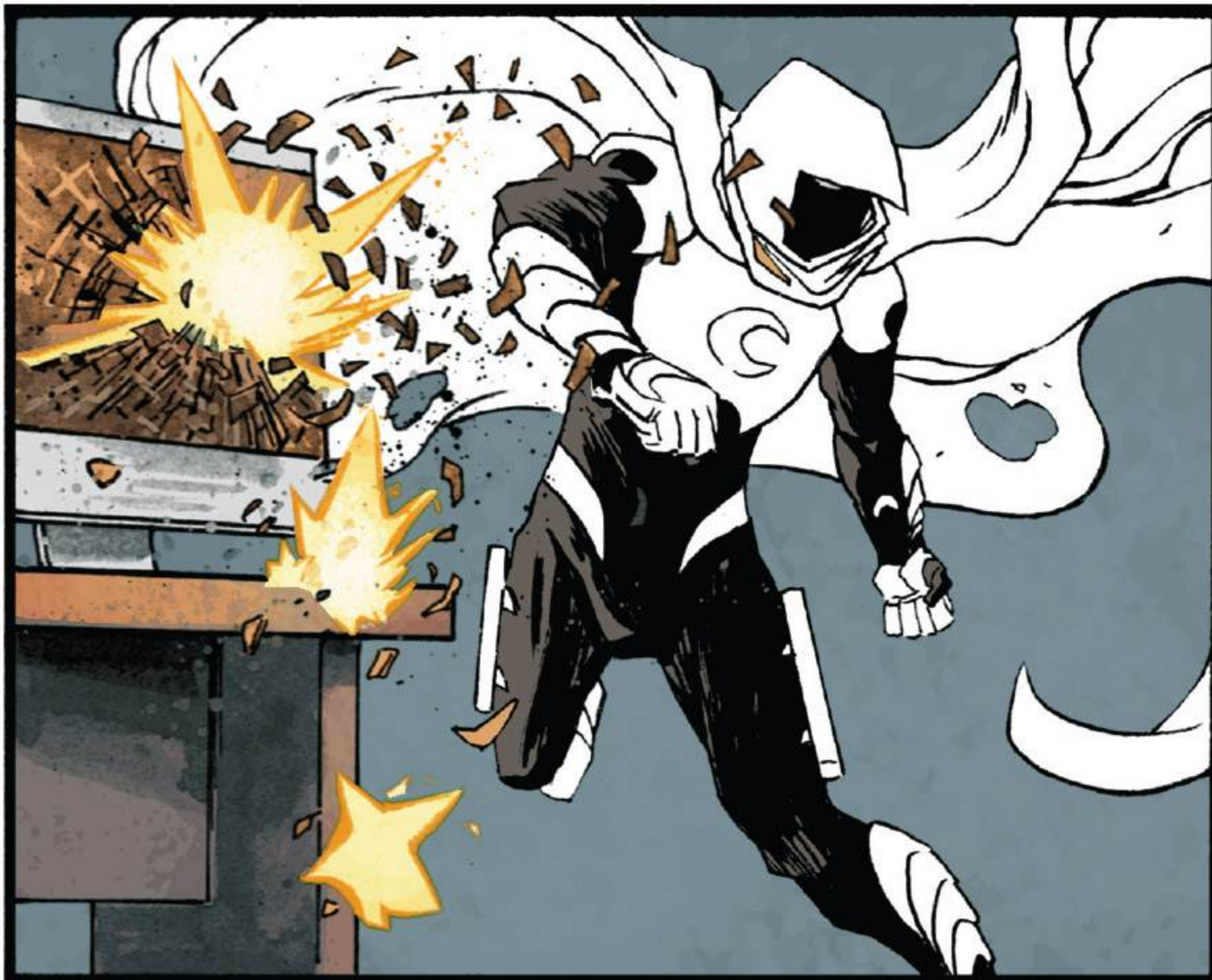
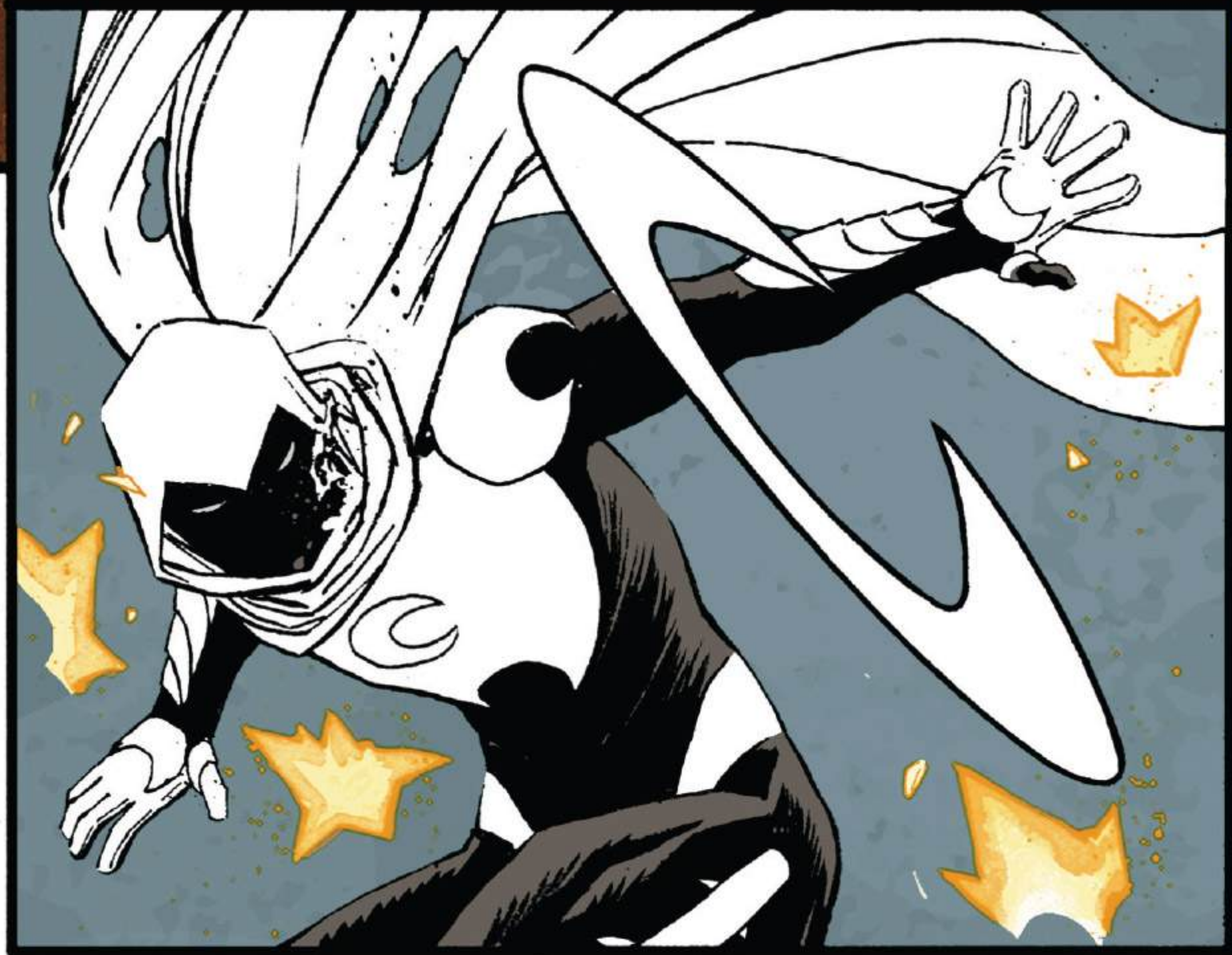
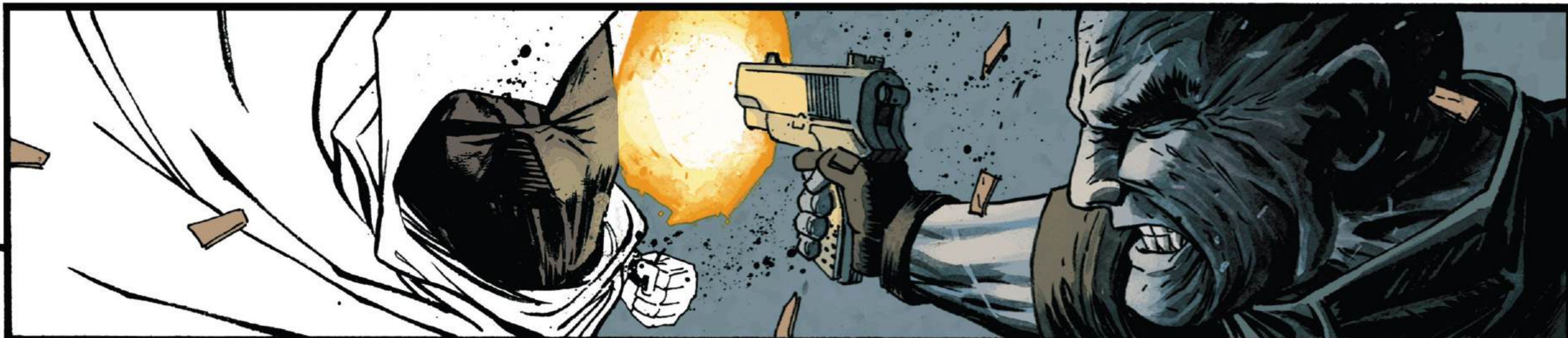


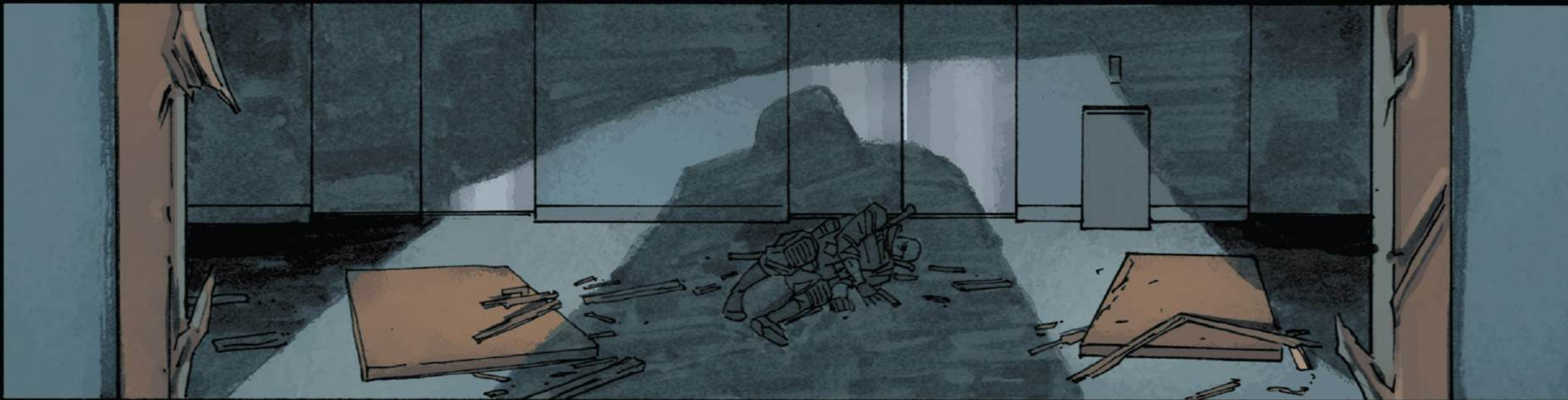
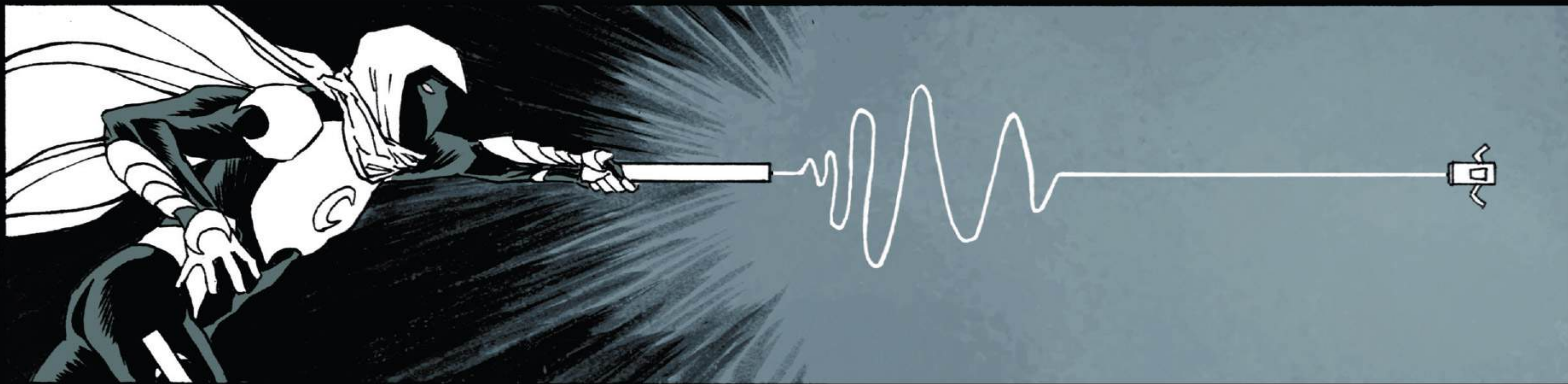












I want to know why.



They left me out there.



They dissolved the company, left me out there to die in the field, and went and got new jobs on Wall Street.

They paid me, *USED* me, to change the course of countries and history. And now they help *BANKS*.

It may not have been a "good" life, but it was *MY* life. They took it. So I take theirs.



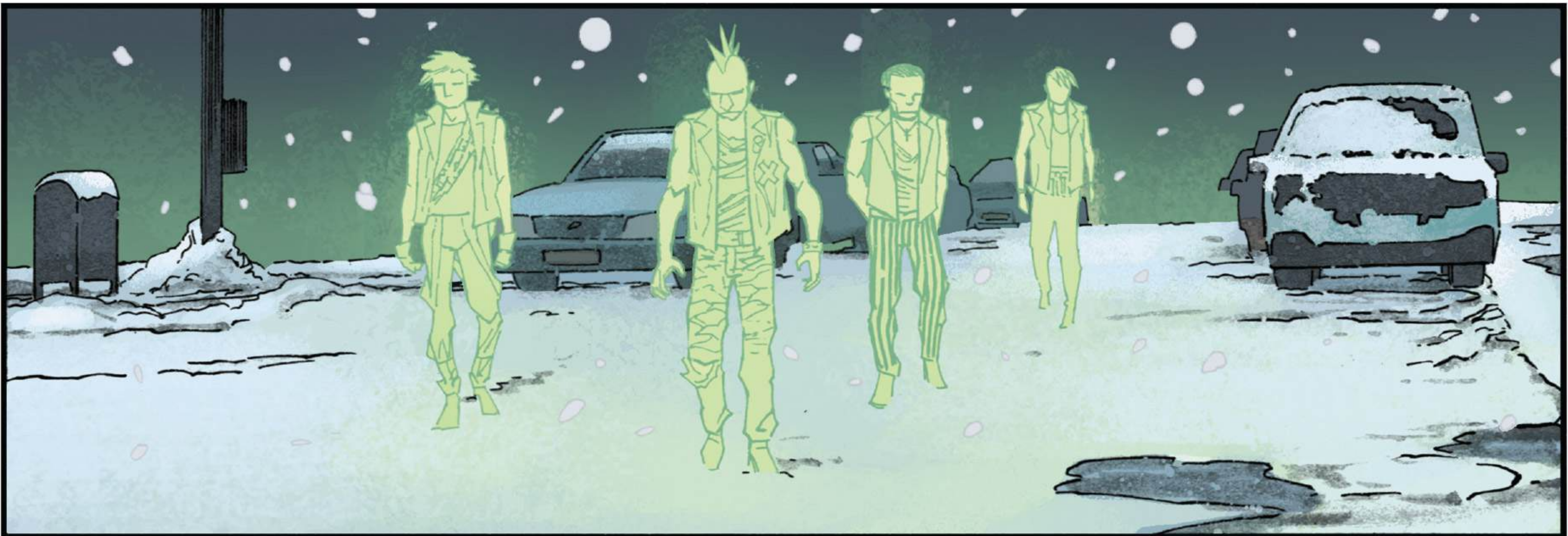


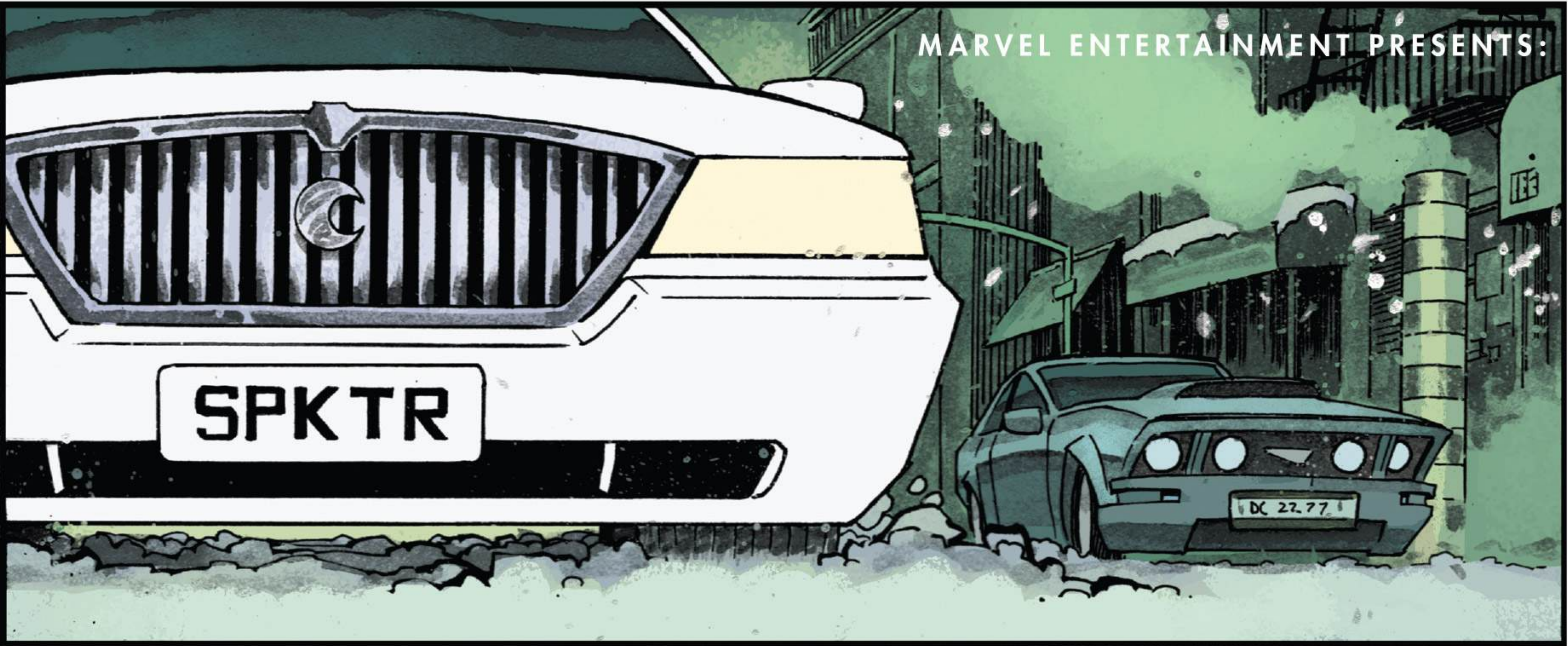




MOON KNIGHT

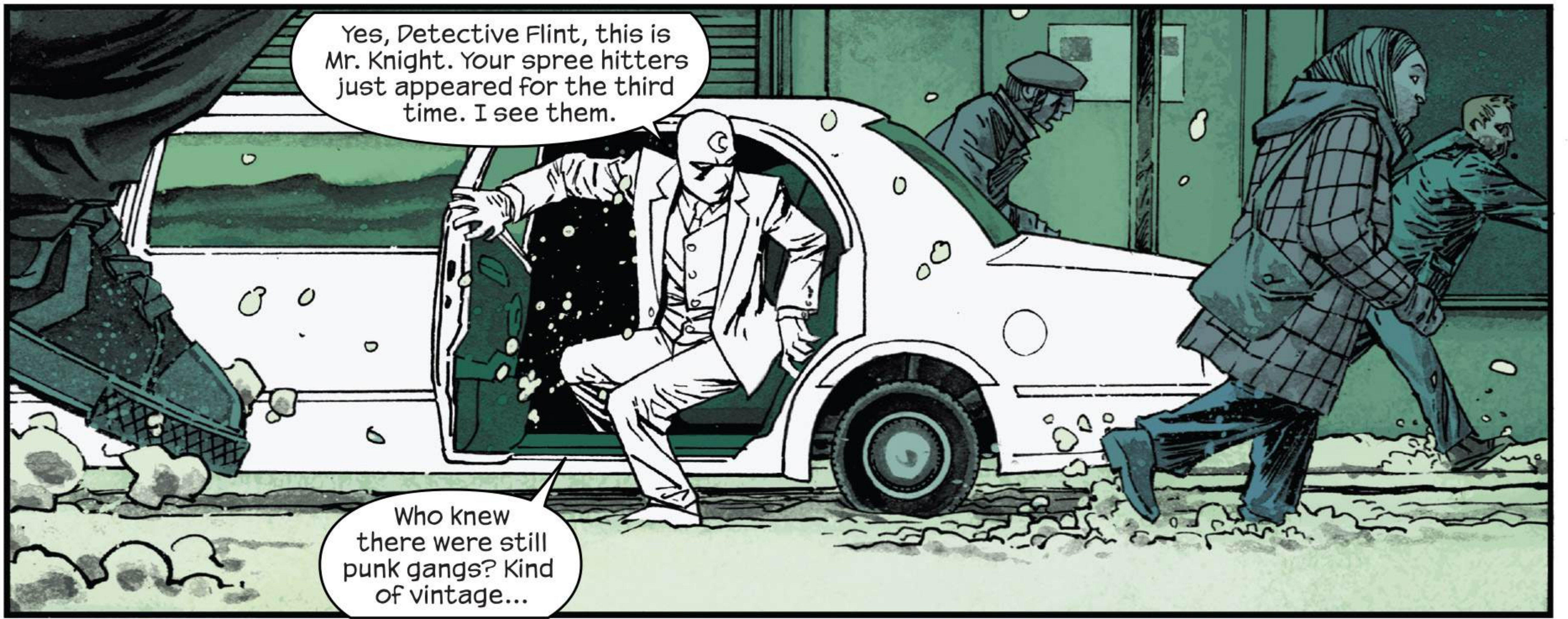


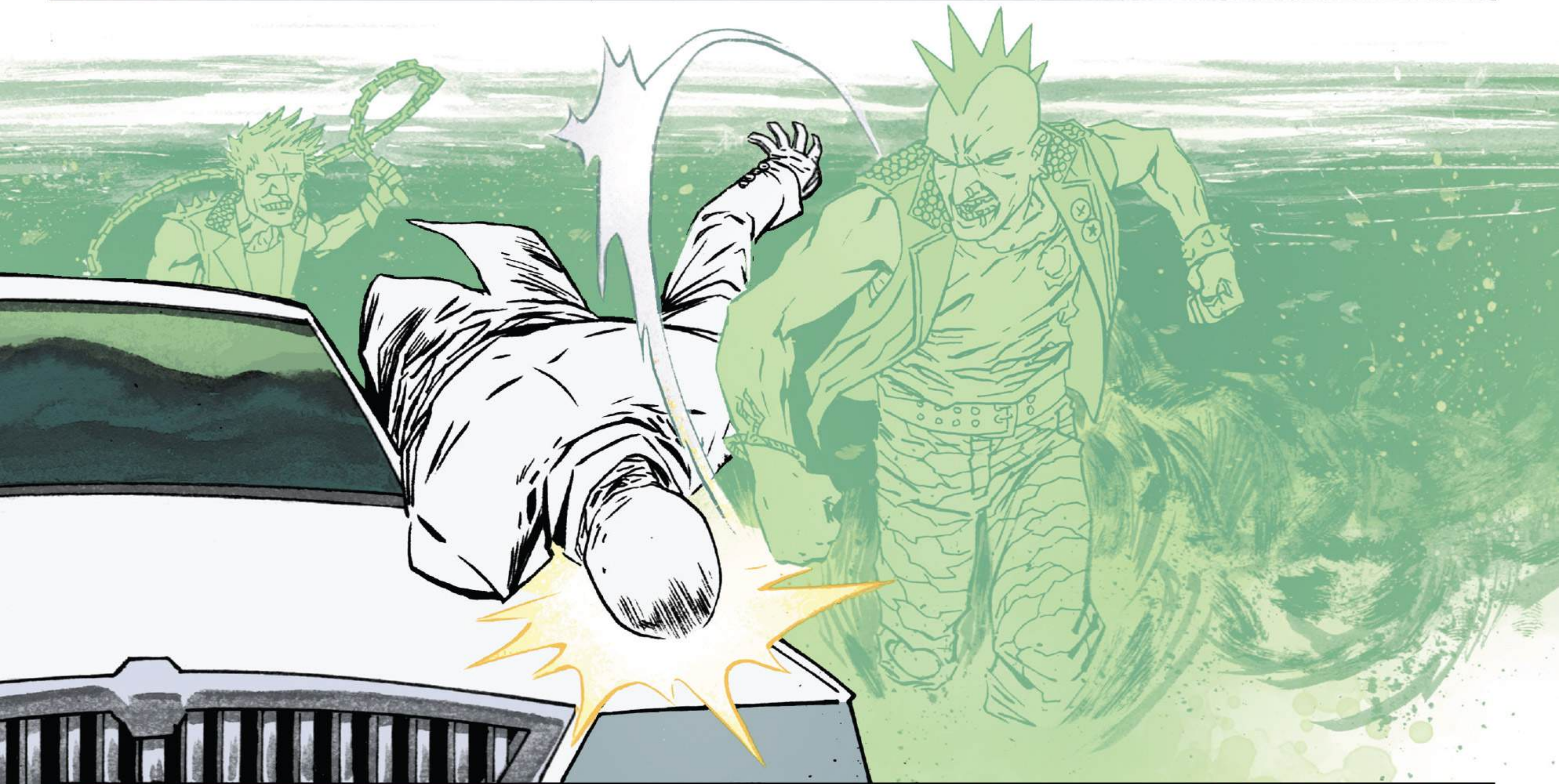


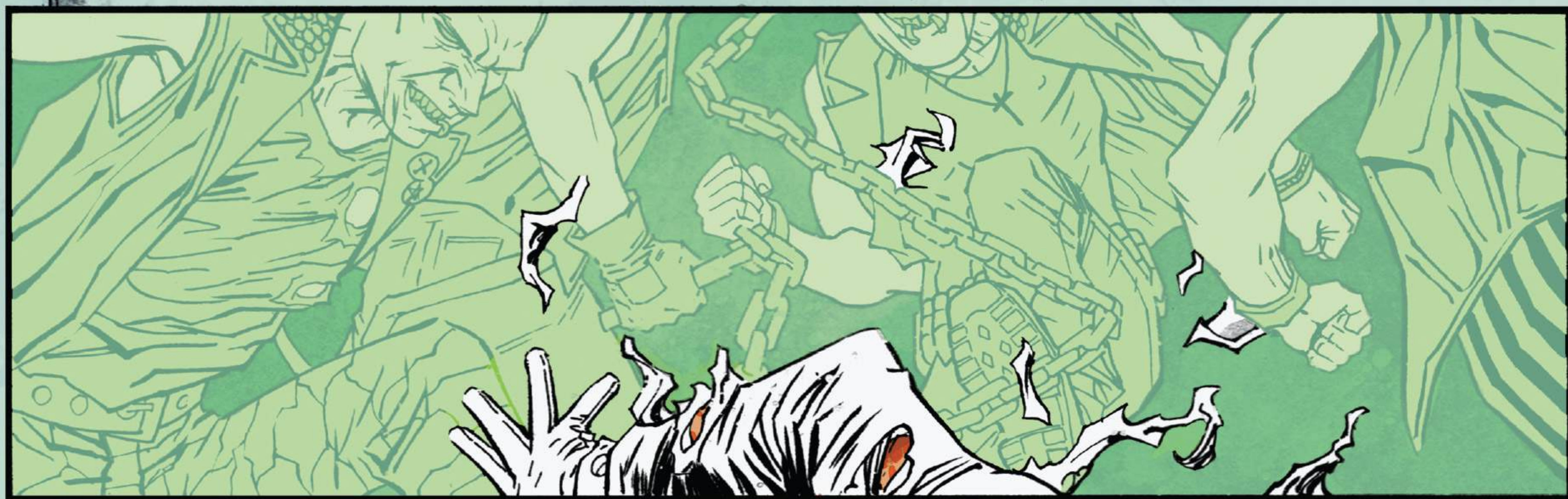


MOON KNIGHT











OF COURSE
YOU DO, MY
SON. THEY ARE
GHOSTS.
YOU KNOW
FULL WELL THAT
THE ANGRY DEAD
CAN REACH OUT
AND TOUCH THE
LIVING.



I DID.



Okay. Fine.
Ghosts are randomly
attacking people in
downtown Manhattan
at night.

They can
touch me, and
I can't touch
them. What am I
supposed to do?
Sprinkle holy water
over downtown?
Exorcise Spring
Street?



FOR AS LONG AS WE HAVE
BEEN TOGETHER, YOU HAVE
COLLECTED ITEMS FROM
ANCIENT EGYPT.

A CIVILIZATION
OF THE DEAD AS
MUCH AS OF THE
LIVING.

A PEOPLE WHO
MAPPED THE AFTERLIFE.
A PEOPLE WHO CLOTHED THEIR
DEAD FOR THE WORLD BEYOND
AND SOUGHT ALWAYS TO TOUCH
THE UNTOUCHABLE.

YOU POSSESS ALL
KINDS OF ARMOR AND
RAIMENT FOR FIGHTING
THE LIVING: HOW CAN
YOU NOT HAVE GARMENTS
FOR FIGHTING THE
DEAD?







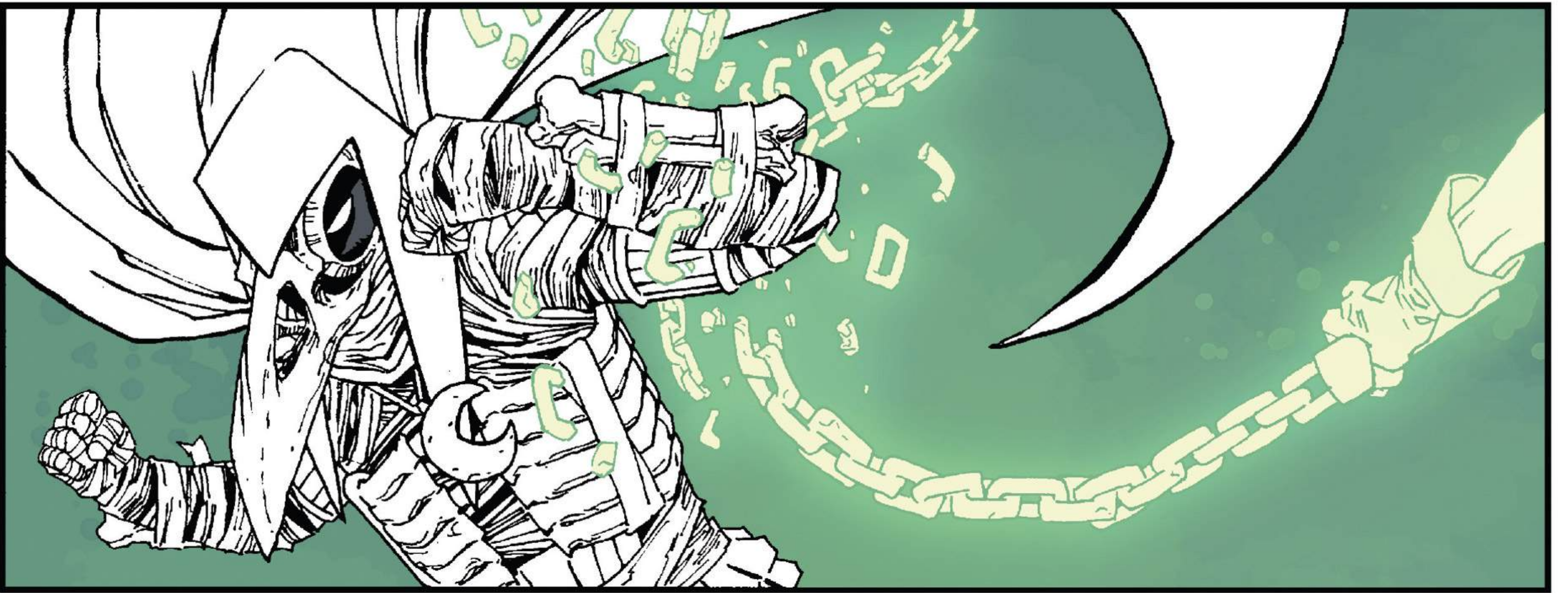
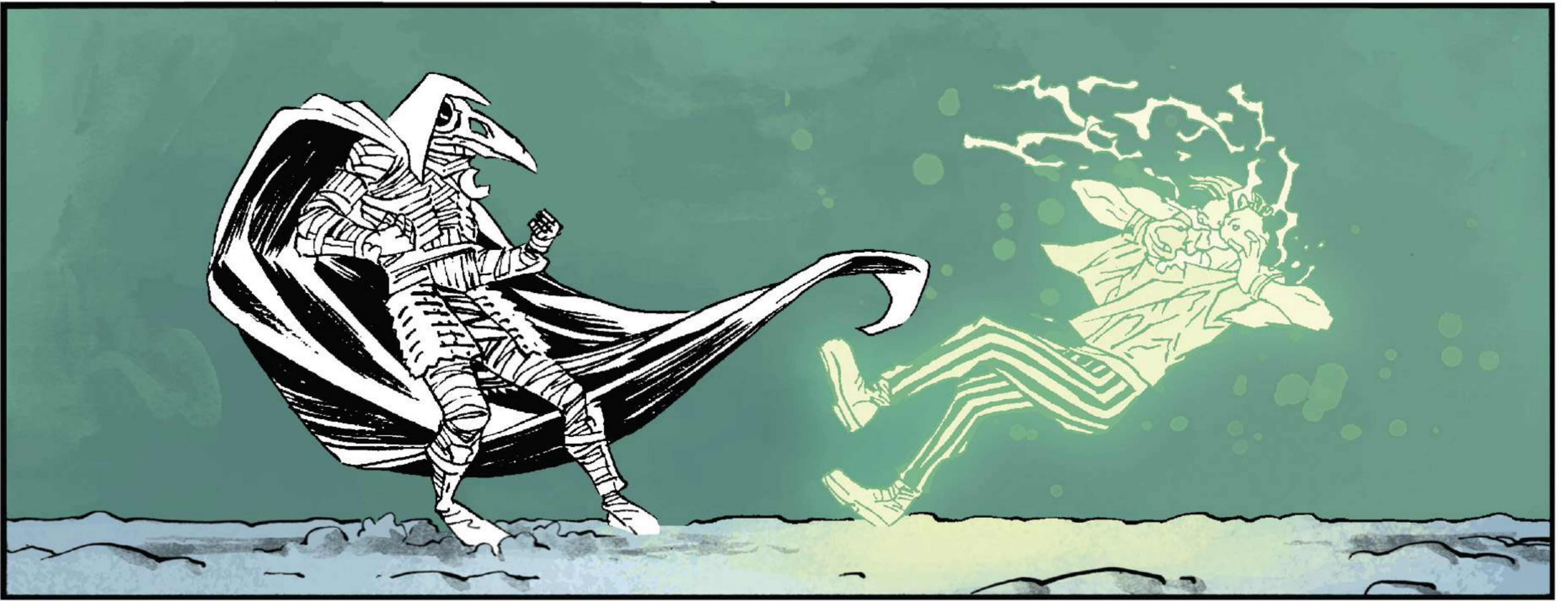


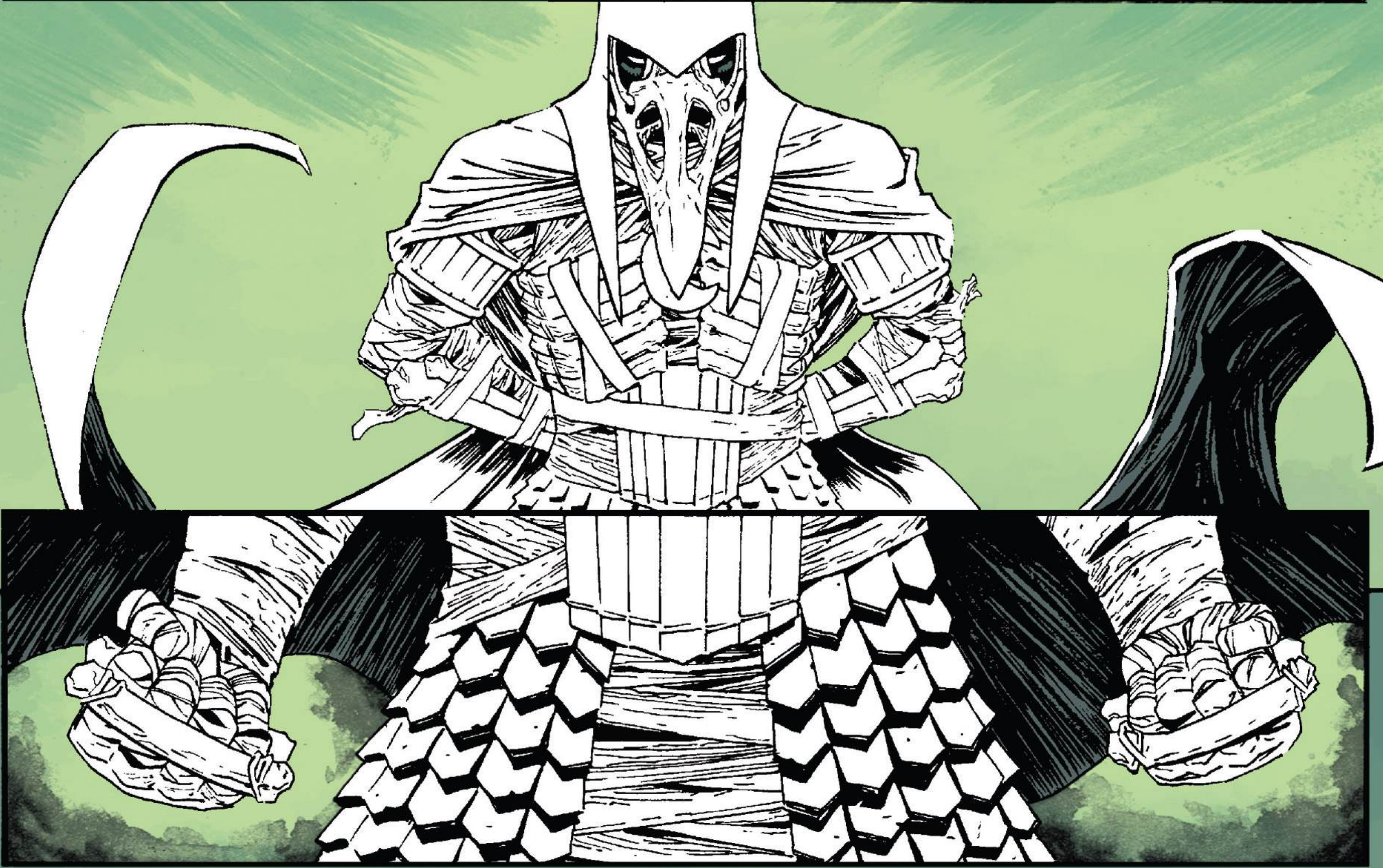
Okay.

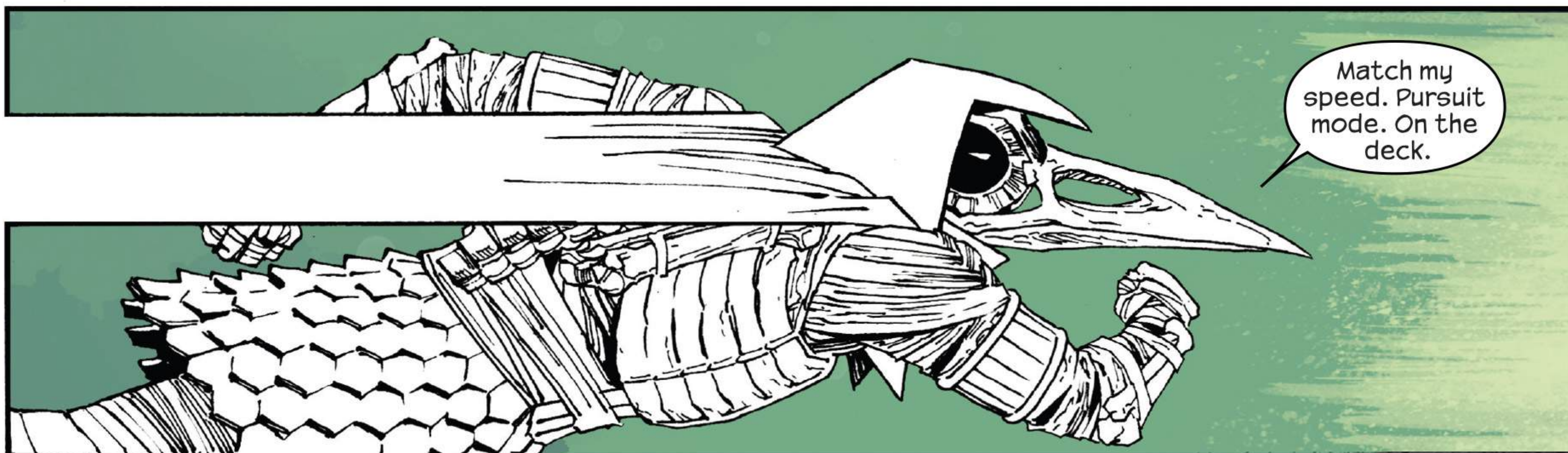
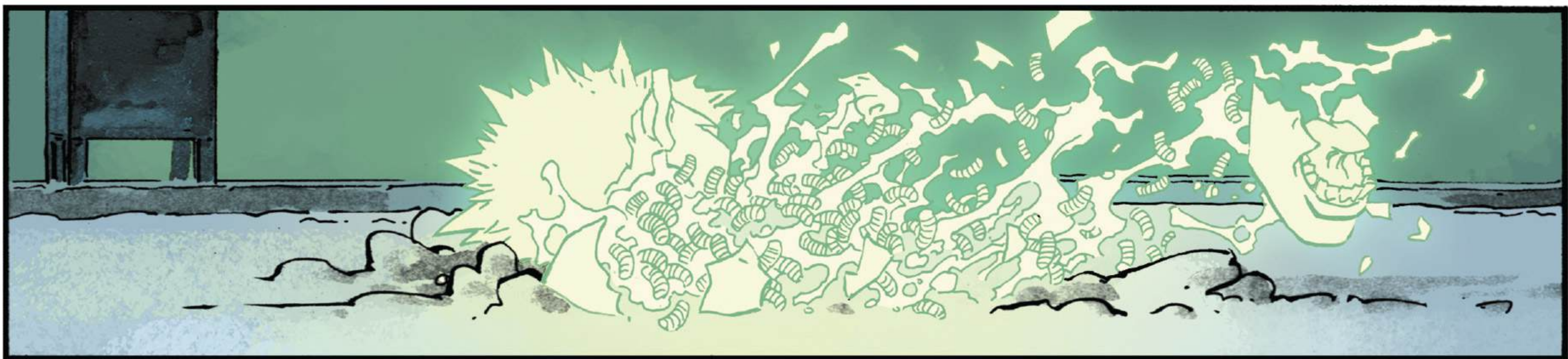
Let's
try this
again.

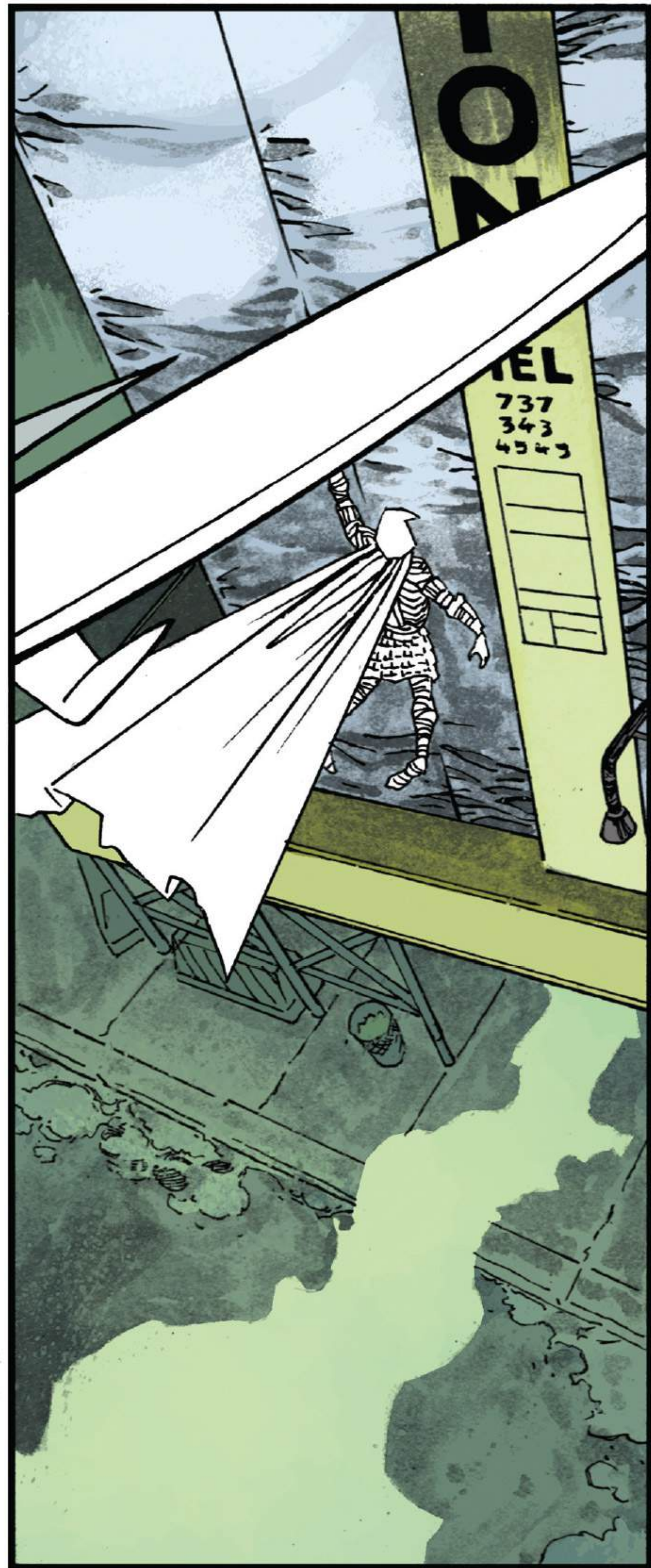
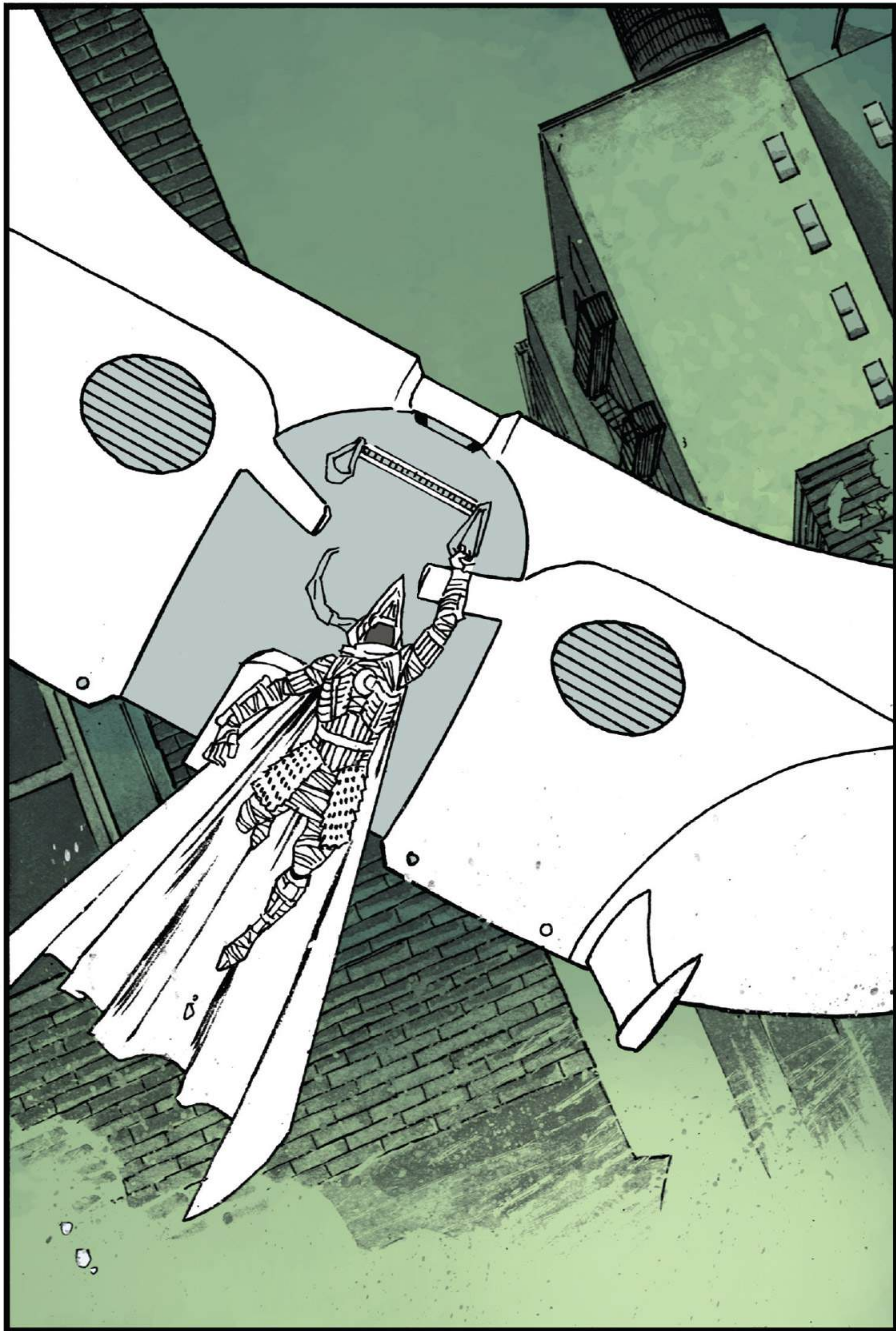






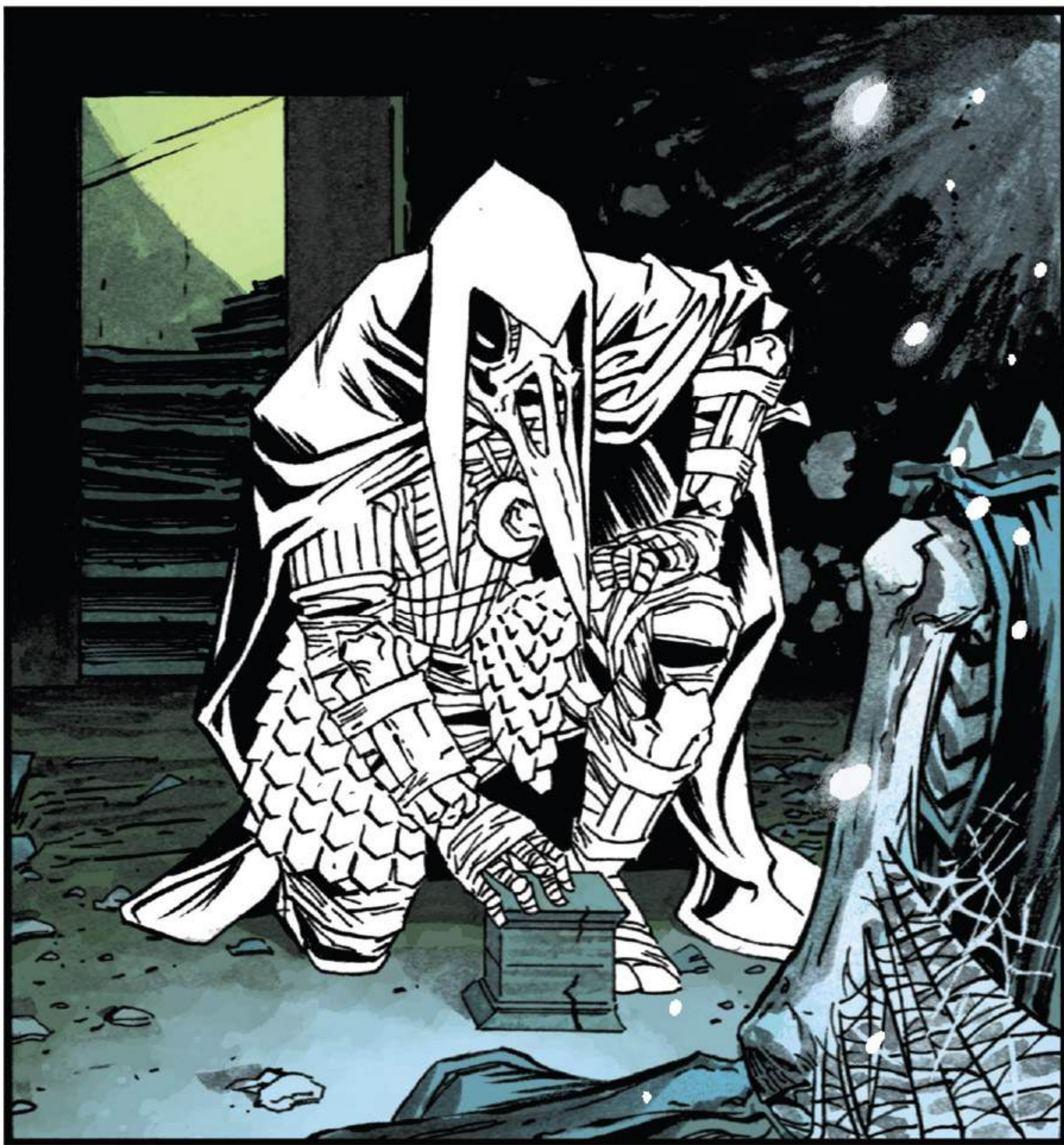


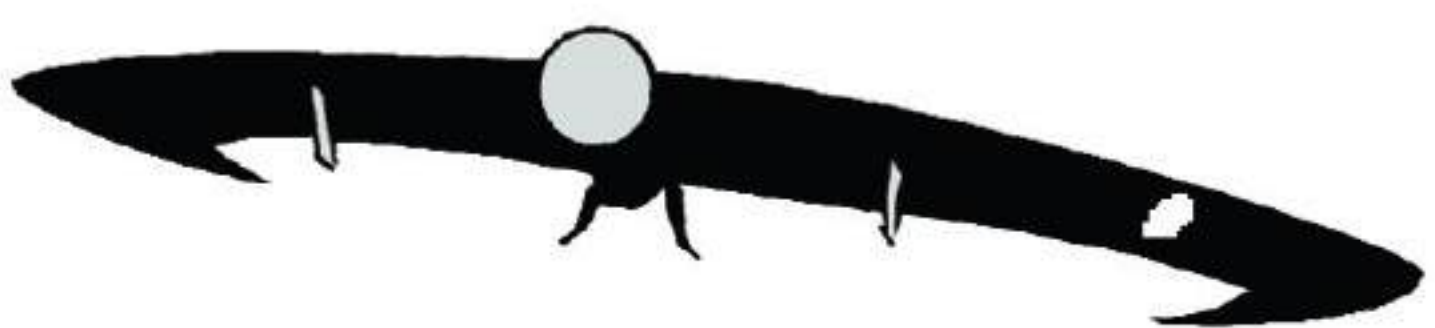


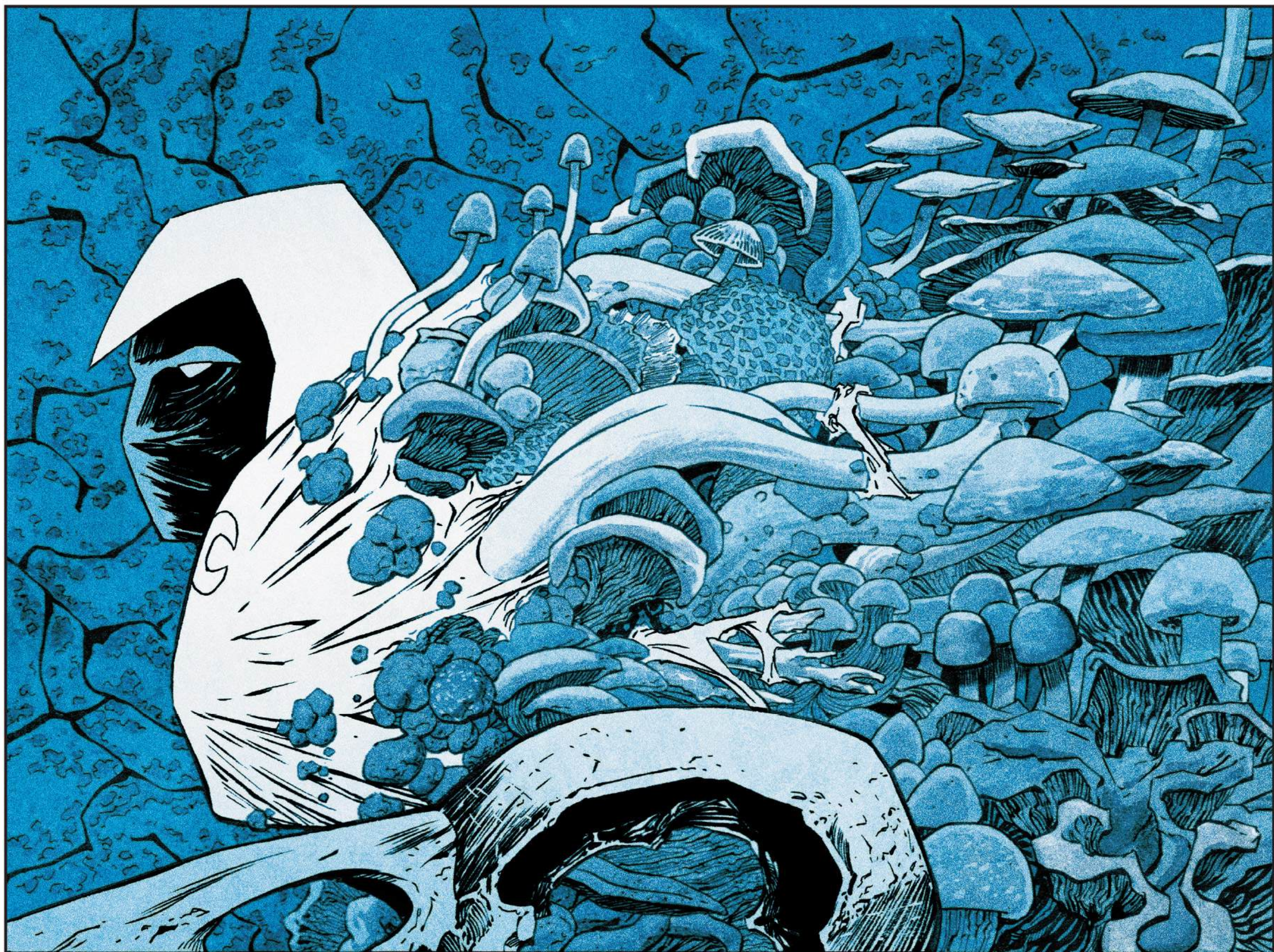






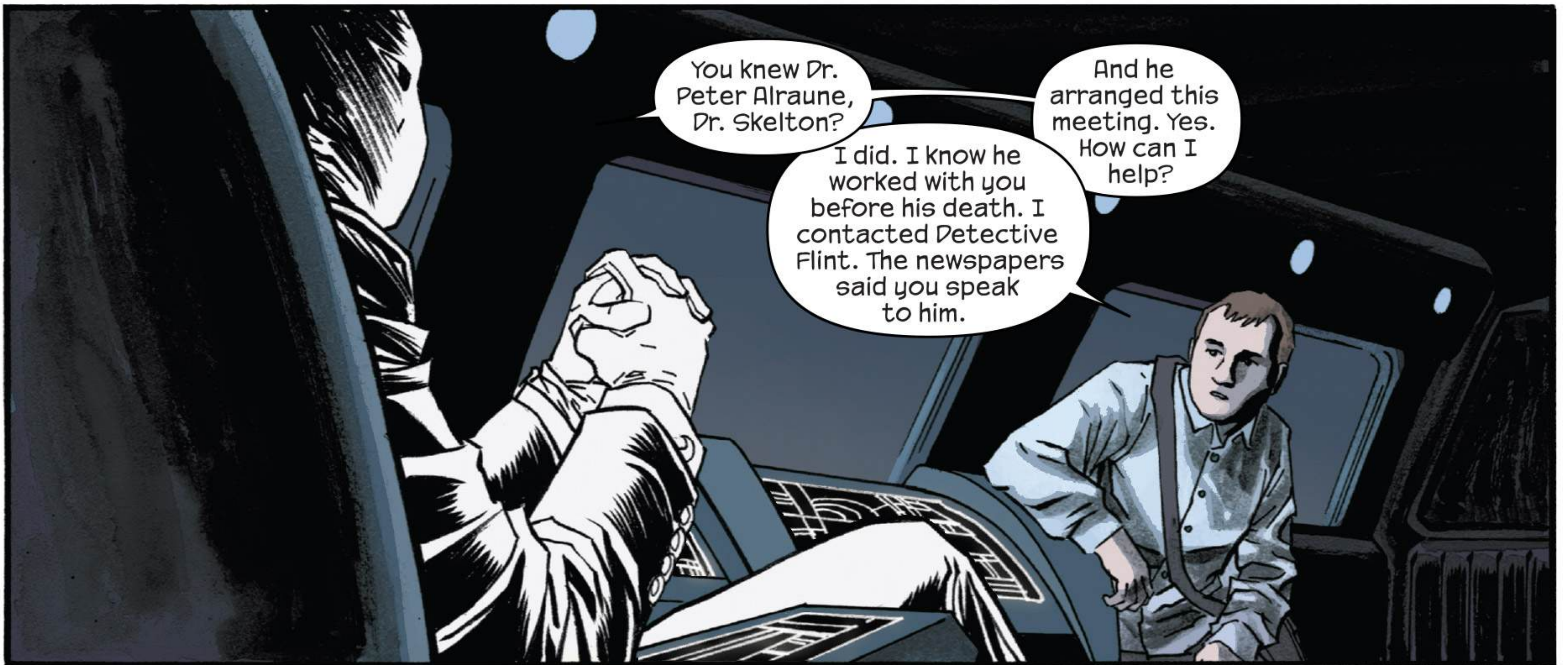






MOON KNIGHT

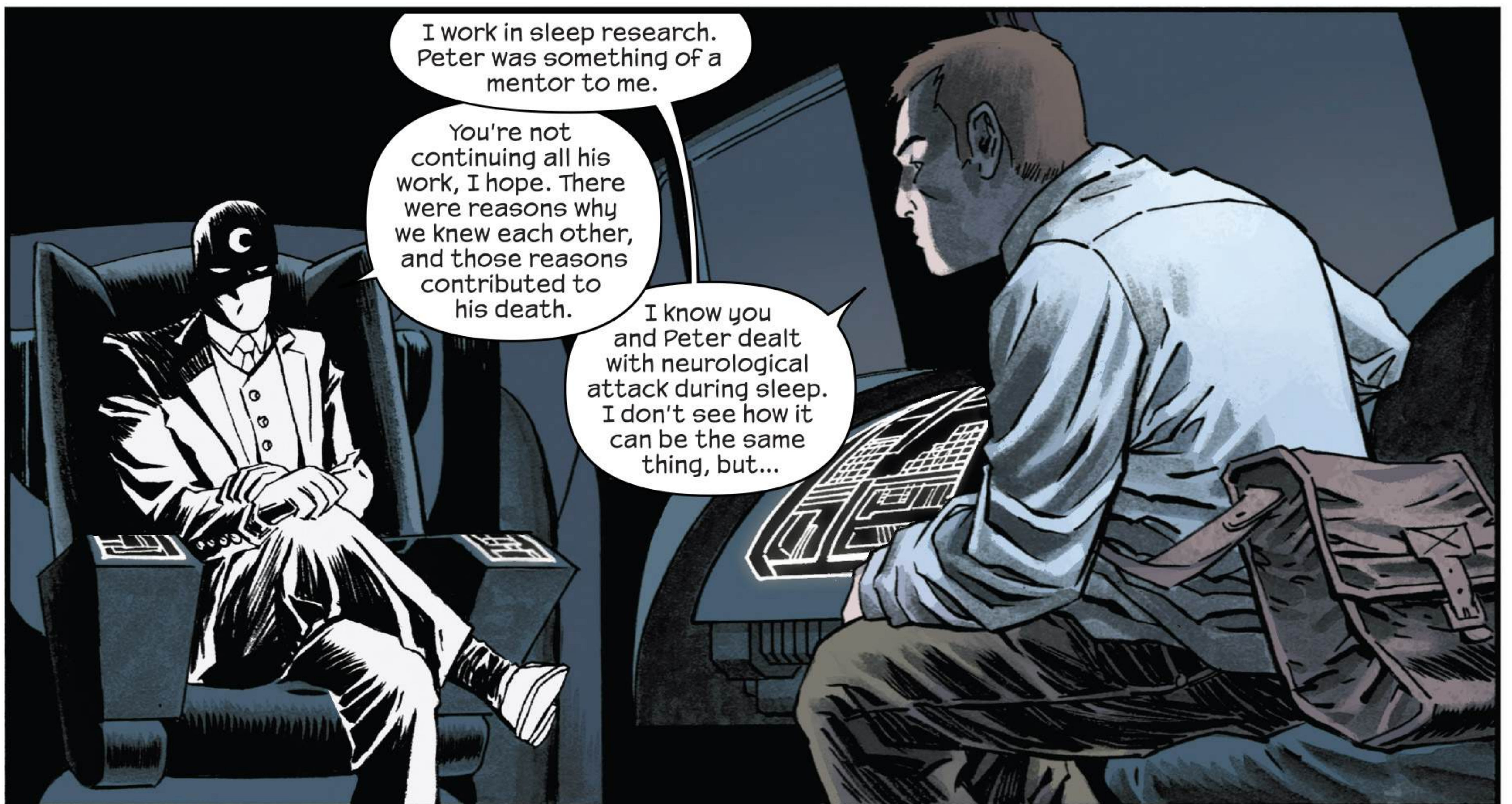




You knew Dr. Peter Alraune, Dr. Skelton?

And he arranged this meeting. Yes. How can I help?

I did. I know he worked with you before his death. I contacted Detective Flint. The newspapers said you speak to him.



I work in sleep research. Peter was something of a mentor to me.

You're not continuing all his work, I hope. There were reasons why we knew each other, and those reasons contributed to his death.

I know you and Peter dealt with neurological attack during sleep. I don't see how it can be the same thing, but...



What we dealt with was a man called Robert Markham, who had a viral infection that caused him genetic issues.

Peter gave him an experimental treatment that reacted with the infection and caused some kind of mutation.

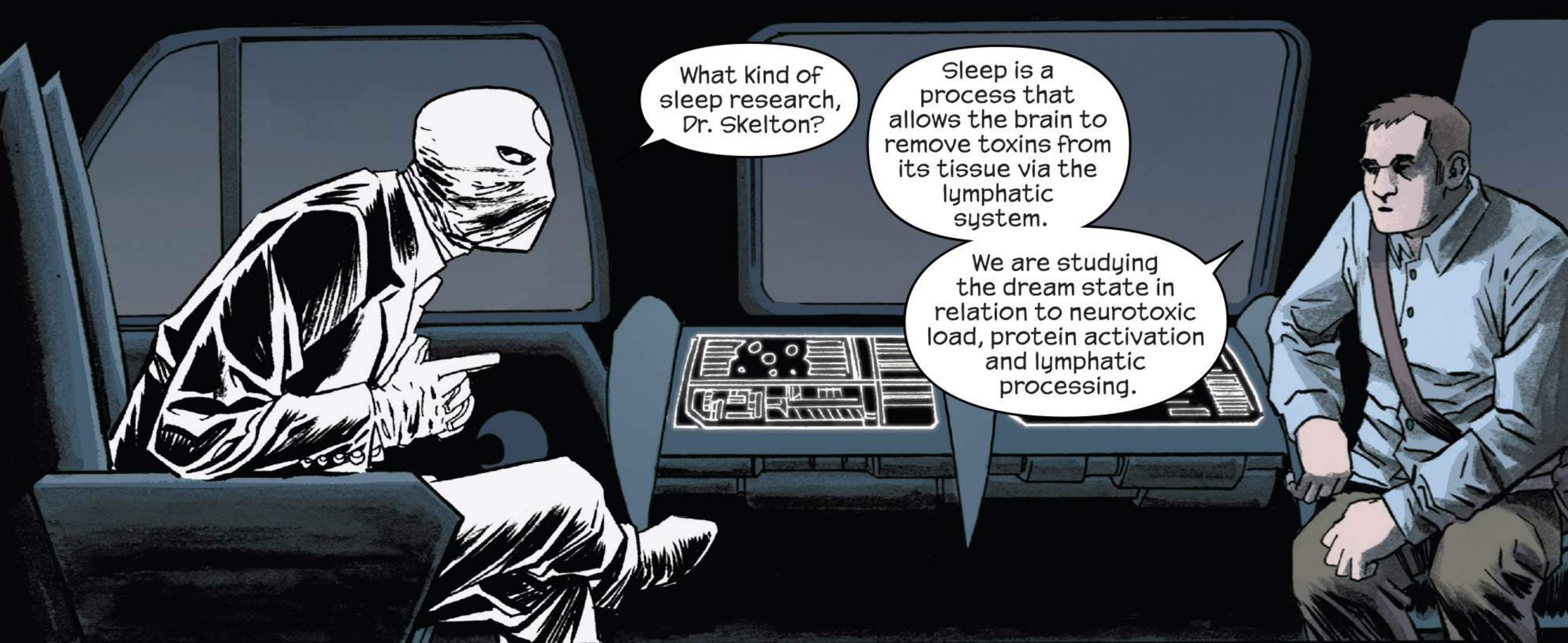
You have to remember, there was a time where things like this weren't controlled the way they are today, and mutants popped up on pretty much a daily basis in New York.



All of my patients are having the same dream.

That's not even possible. And it's driving them insane by inches.

Now, I'm hoping Peter gave you some special insight into dream attack, because--



What kind of sleep research, Dr. Skelton?

Sleep is a process that allows the brain to remove toxins from its tissue via the lymphatic system.

We are studying the dream state in relation to neurotoxic load, protein activation and lymphatic processing.



I wouldn't expect you to know what any of that means.



Let me see your facility. Let me see your patients.



Look. Peter never disclosed exactly what you did together. But I know you're not precisely qualified to study somnological subjects.

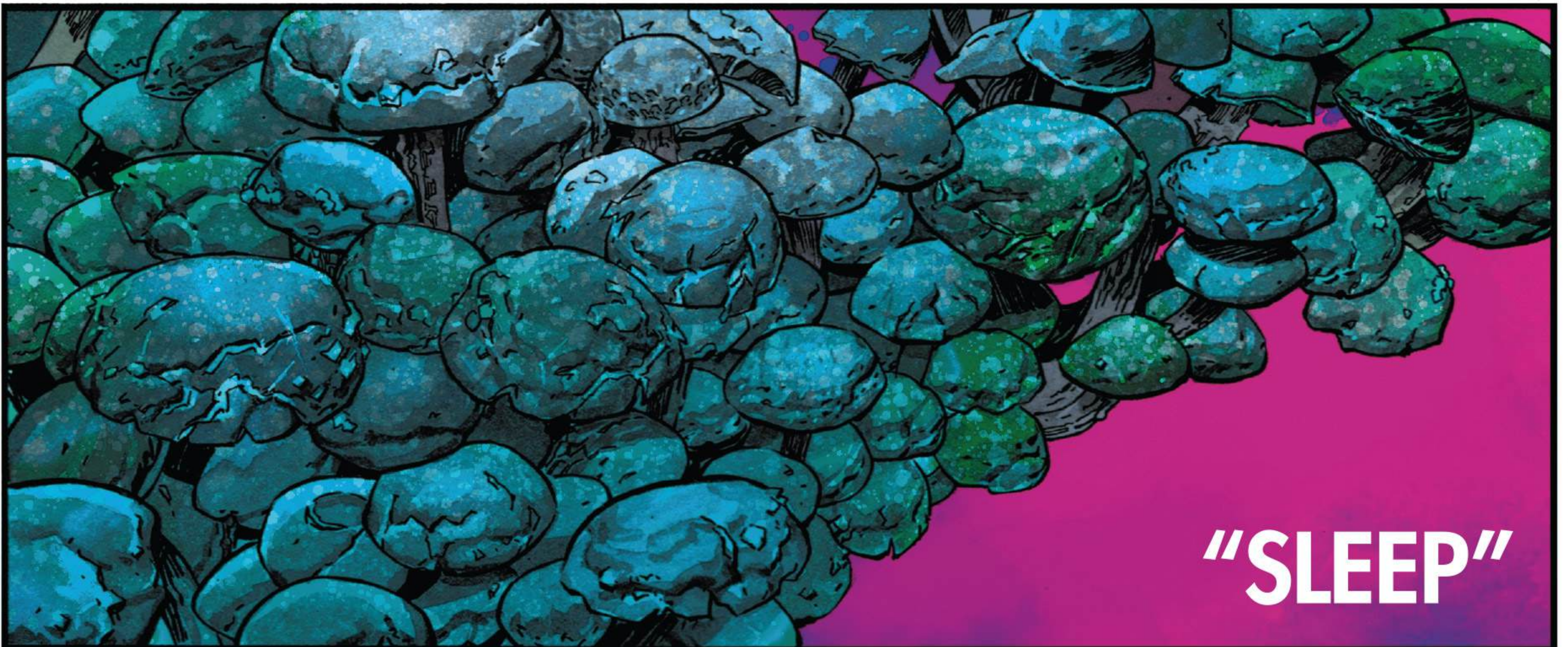


I am. I am precisely qualified. Dreamers are people who travel at night. That is my specialist subject.

MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



MOON KNIGHT



"SLEEP"

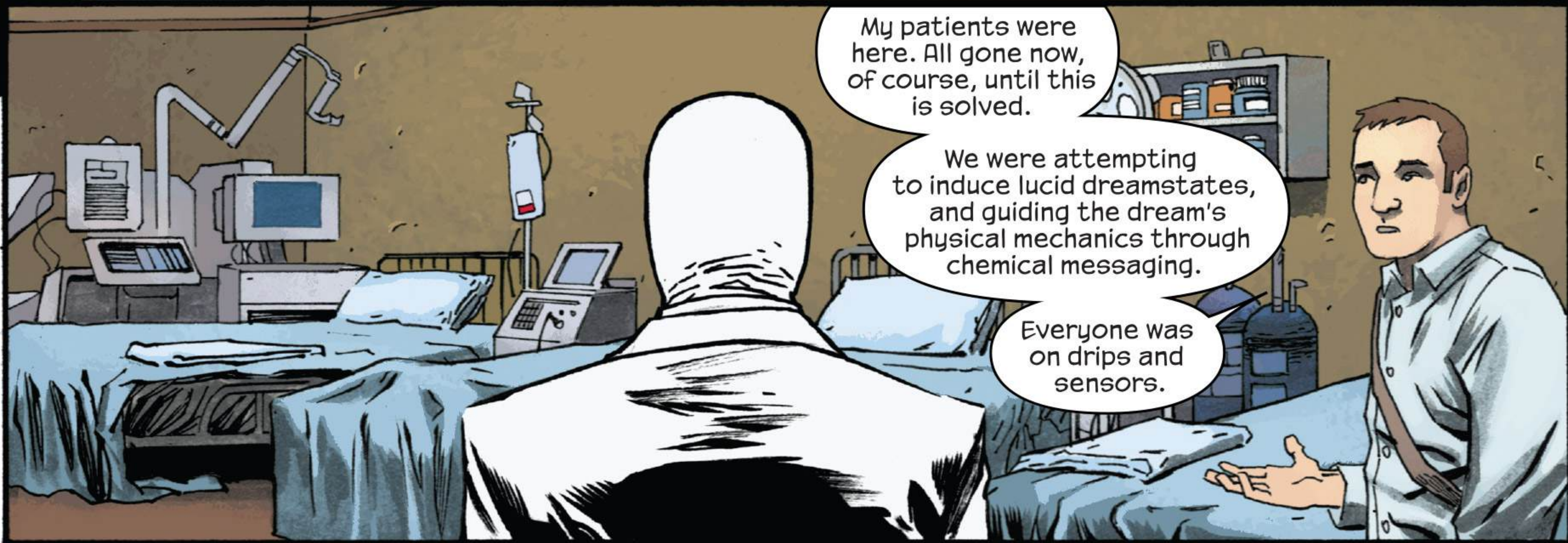
It's owned
by the university.
You take what
you're given.



My patients were
here. All gone now,
of course, until this
is solved.

We were attempting
to induce lucid dreamstates,
and guiding the dream's
physical mechanics through
chemical messaging.

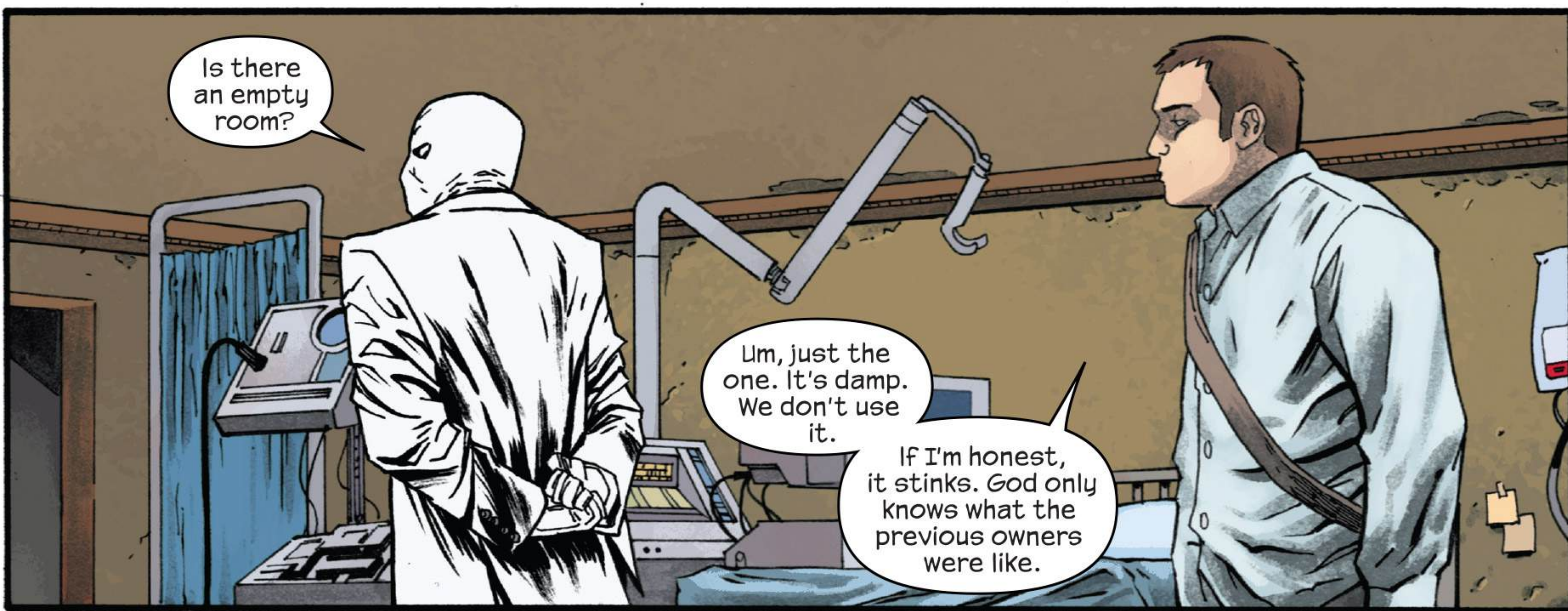
Everyone was
on drips and
sensors.



Is there
an empty
room?

Um, just the
one. It's damp.
We don't use
it.

If I'm honest,
it stinks. God only
knows what the
previous owners
were like.



Can it be
locked from
the inside?

Yes, but,
as I say,
it's--

I'll
take it.





What are you intending to do?

Sleep.

The phenomenon is hyper-local. It's this building. So I intend to let the enemy get a good look at me, so I can get a good look at them.



That's your plan?

It occurs to me that you might already be insane.



Me too. Do you sleep here?

No. I'm a night owl. I monitor my subjects while they sleep, and I sleep through the day.

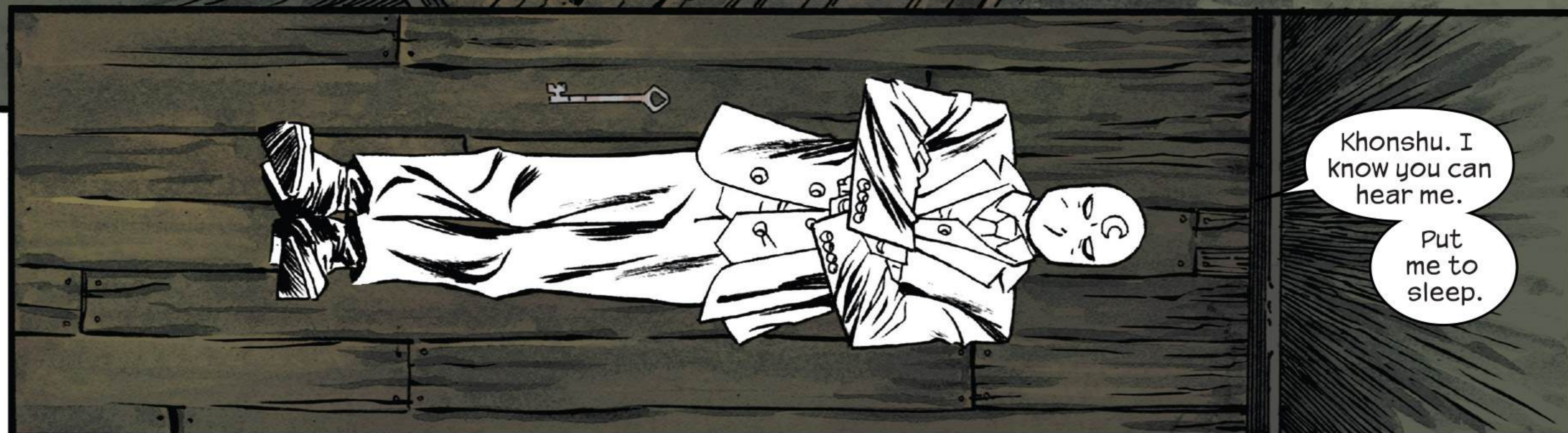
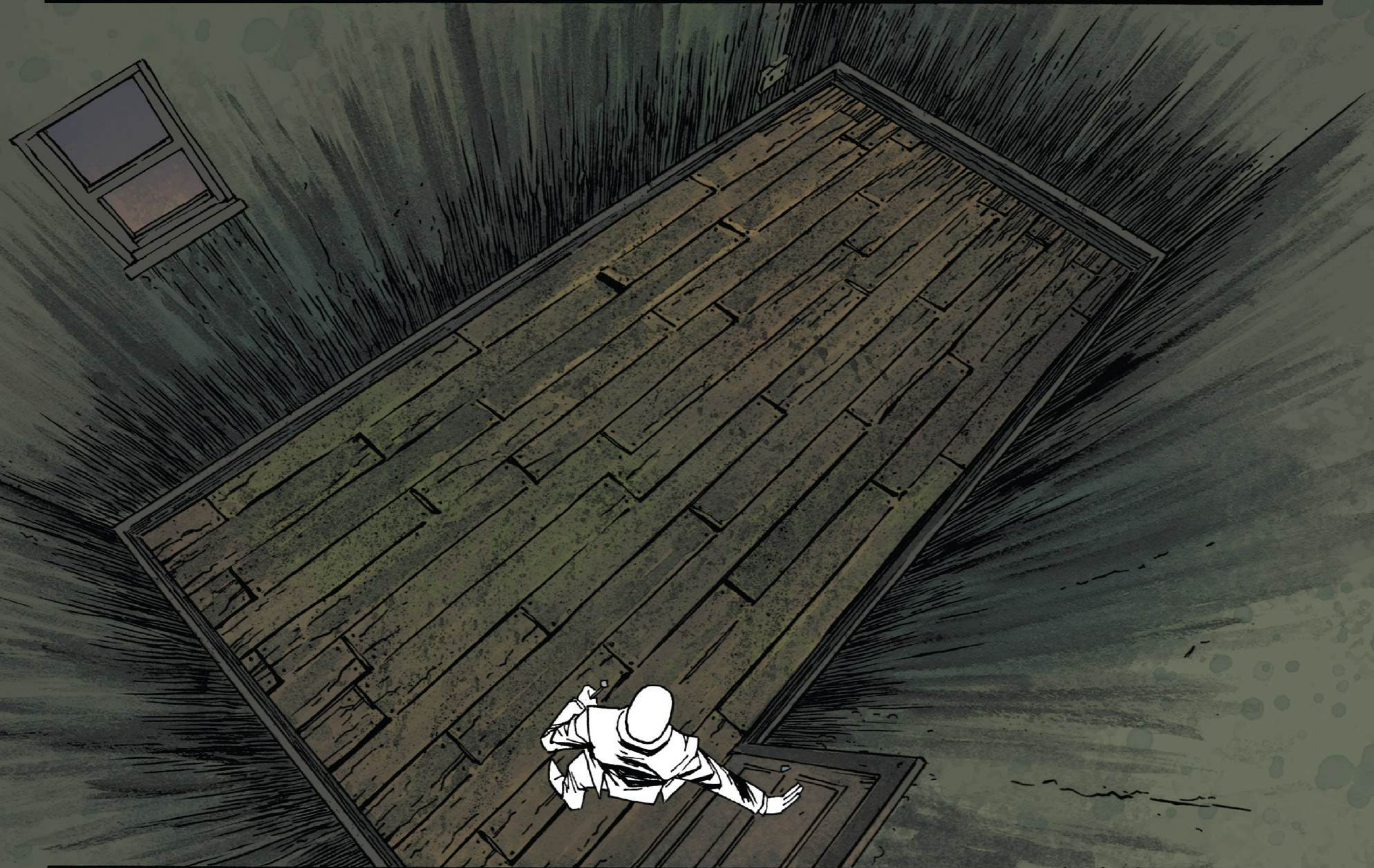
Will any of them come here tonight?



Have you been listening? They're all in hospitals now.

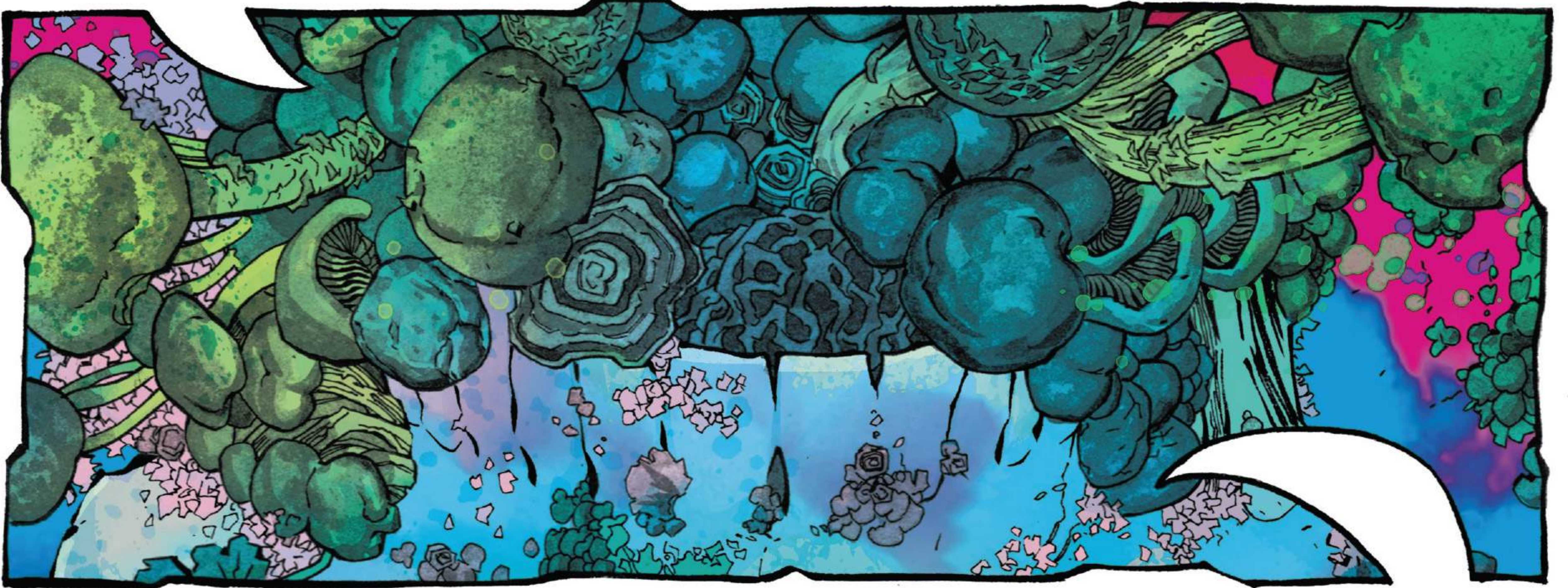
One of them bit through her own fingers while asleep and didn't wake from it.

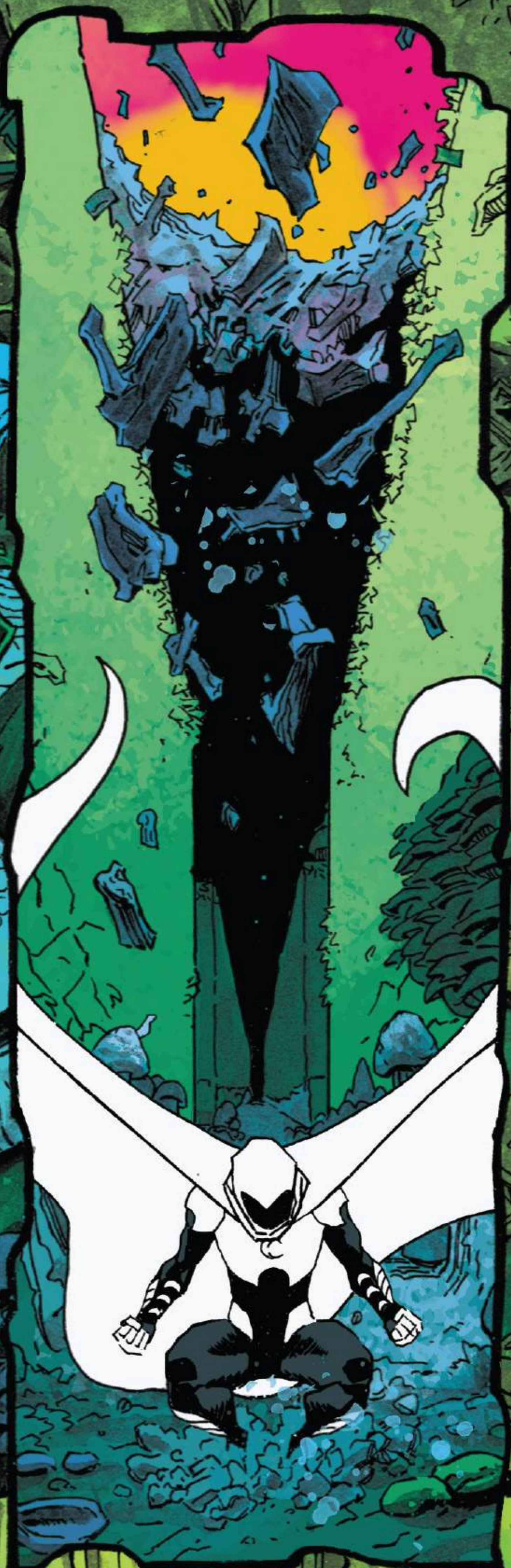
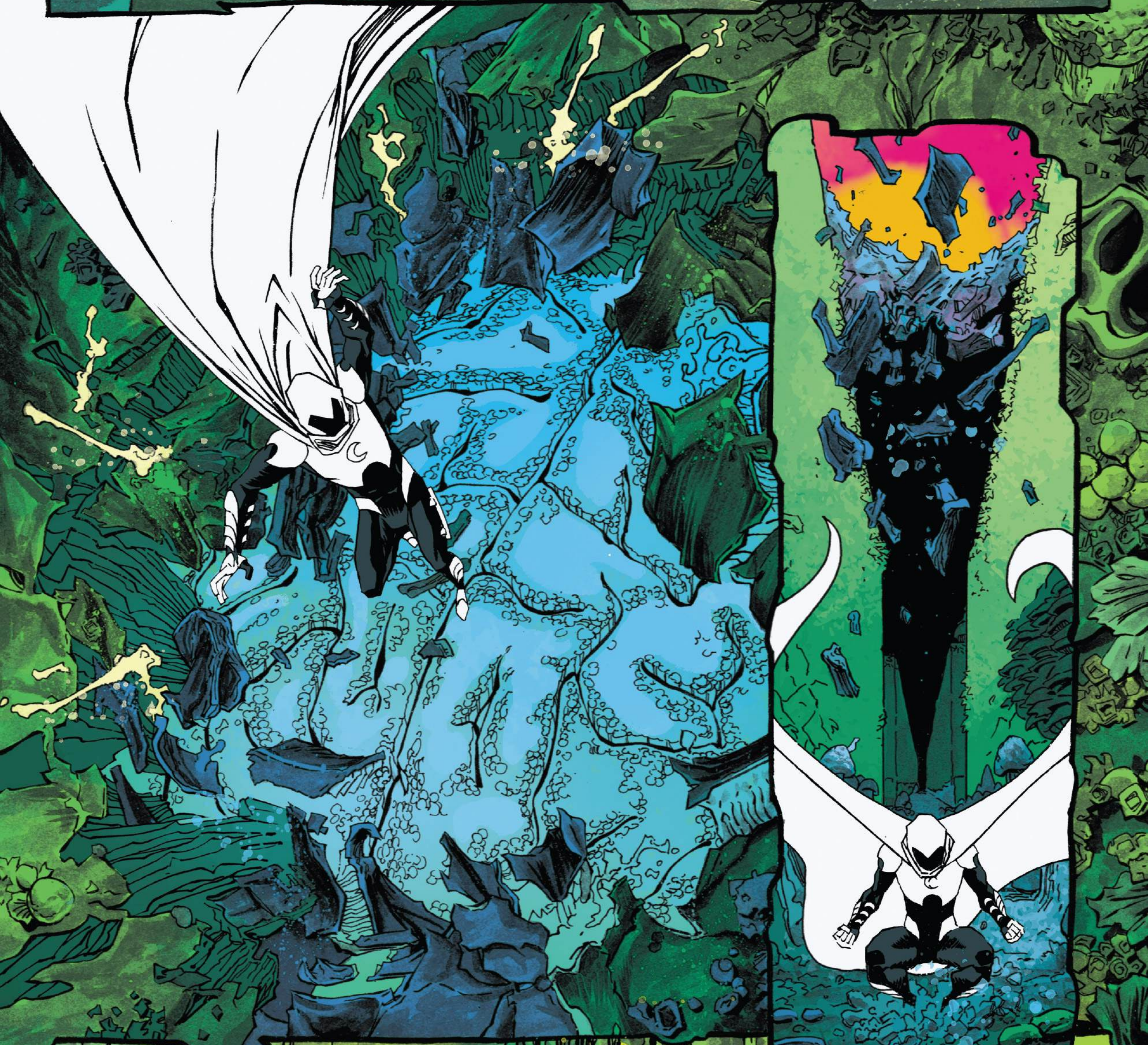
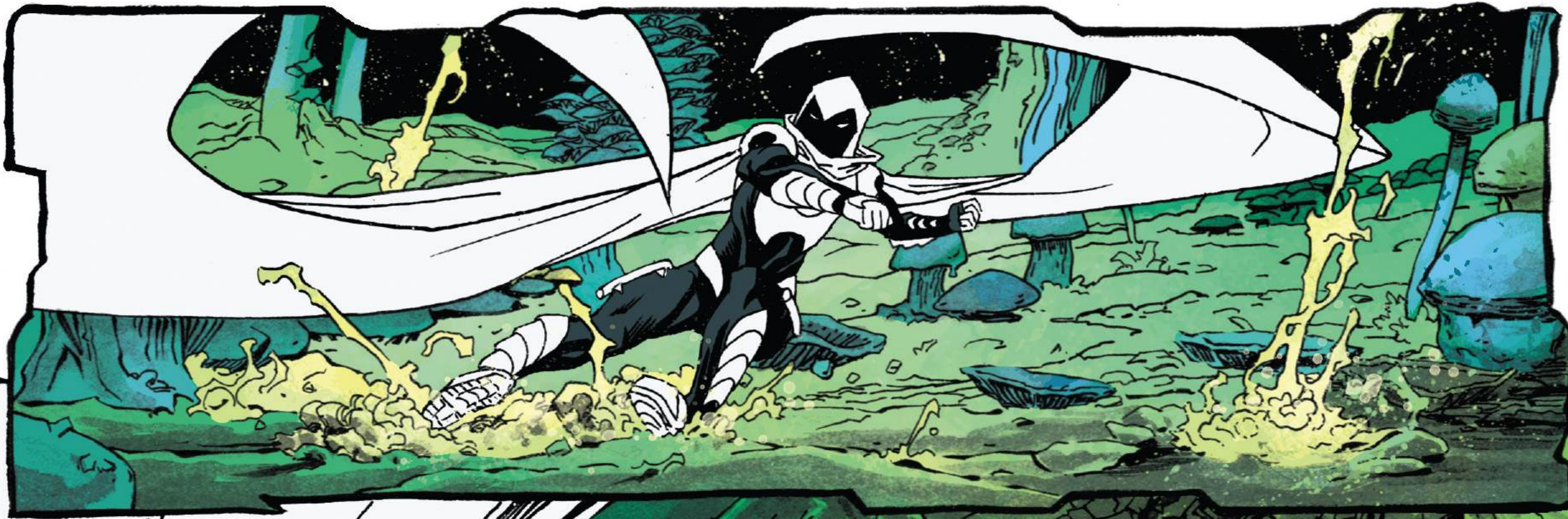
Once we got her to wake, she started screaming about needing to escape her own body.

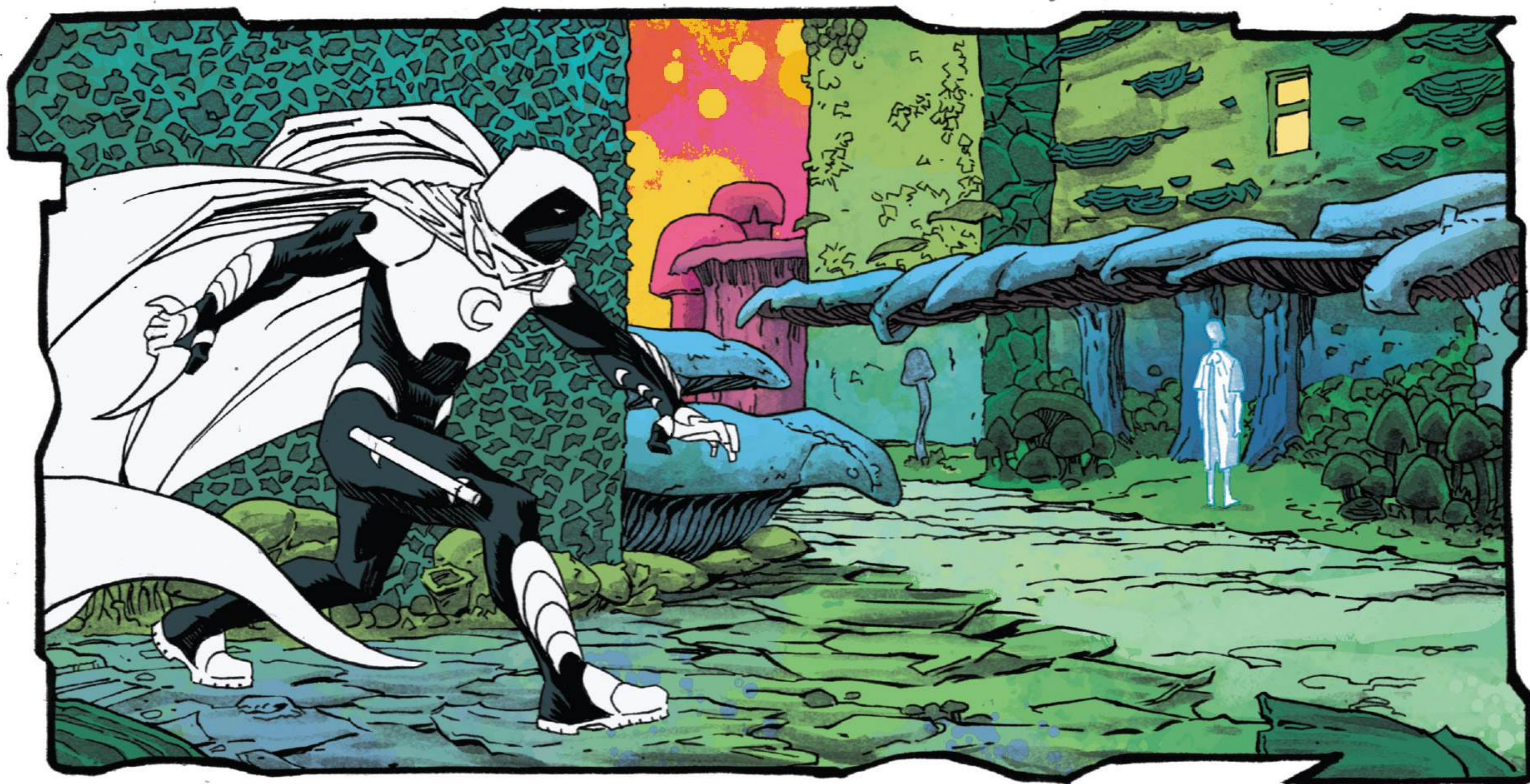


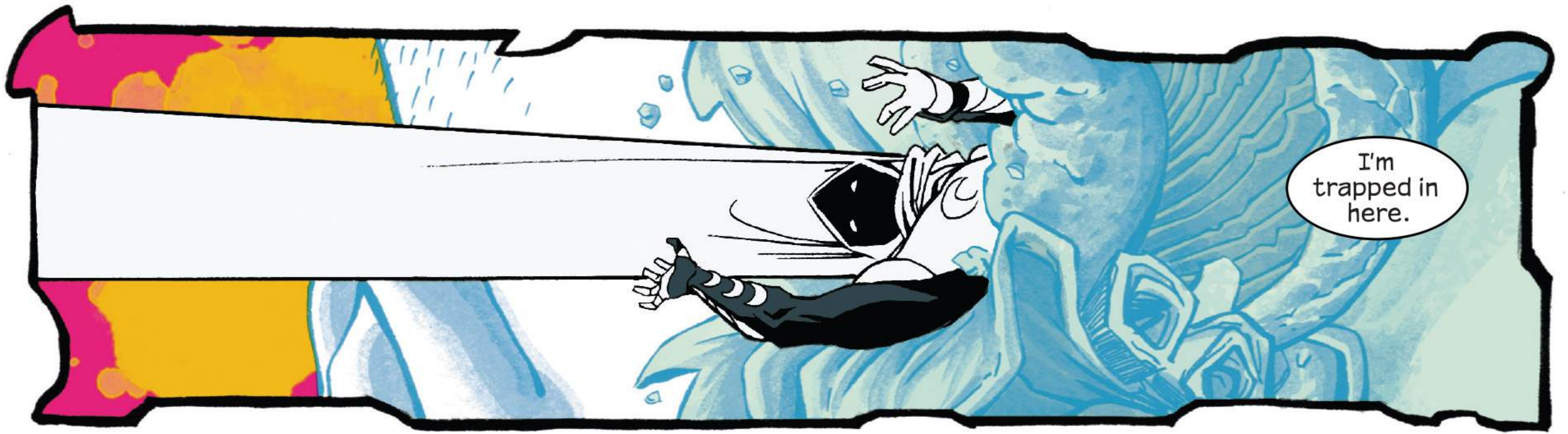








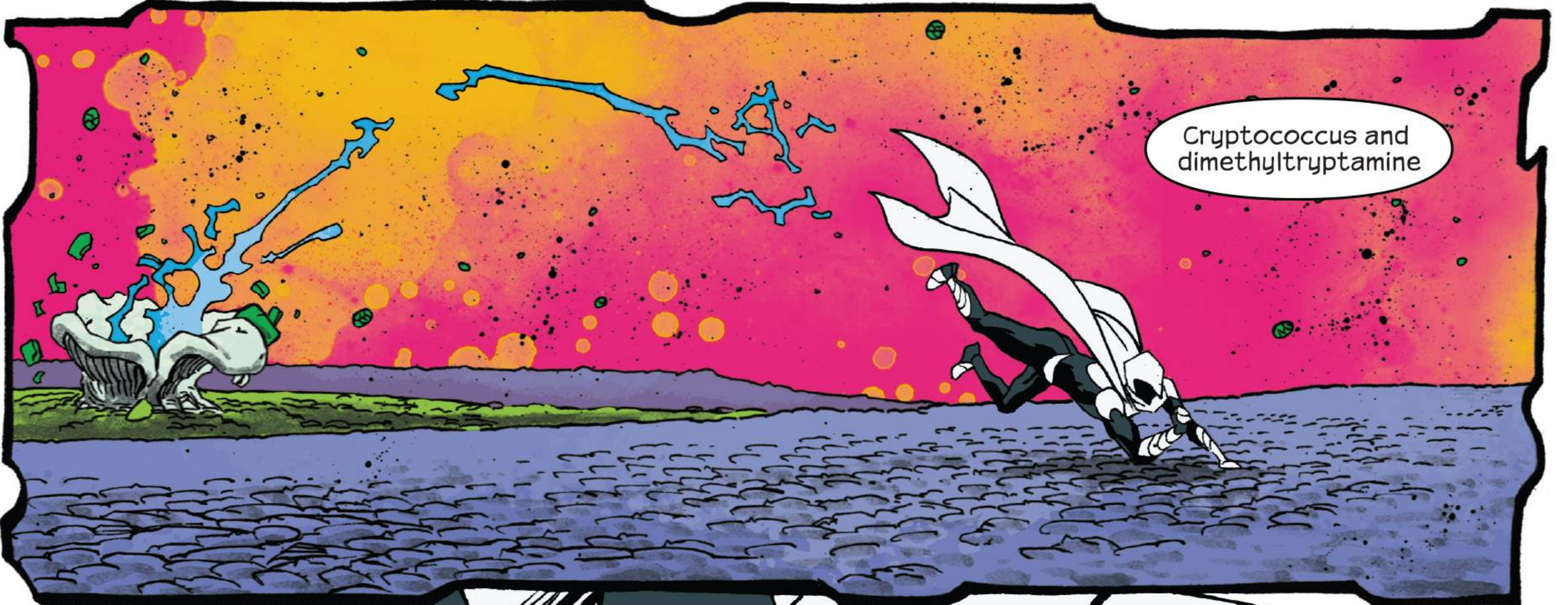




I'm trapped in here.



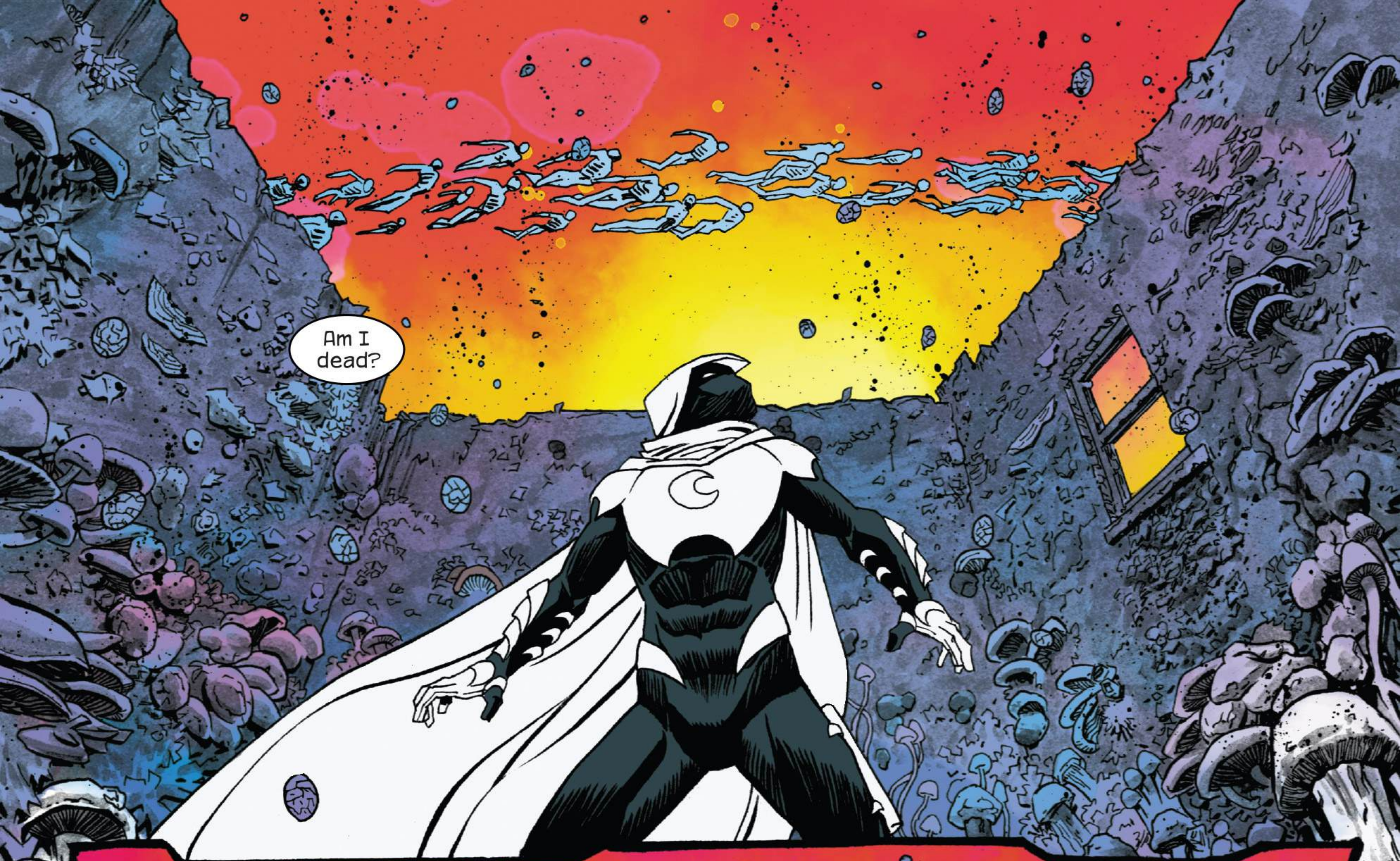
I don't know where I am.



Cryptococcus and dimethyltryptamine



I don't know if I'm dreaming that I'm dead or dead from dreaming.



Am I
dead?



Are you
trapped inside
my corpse with
me?



Help
me.

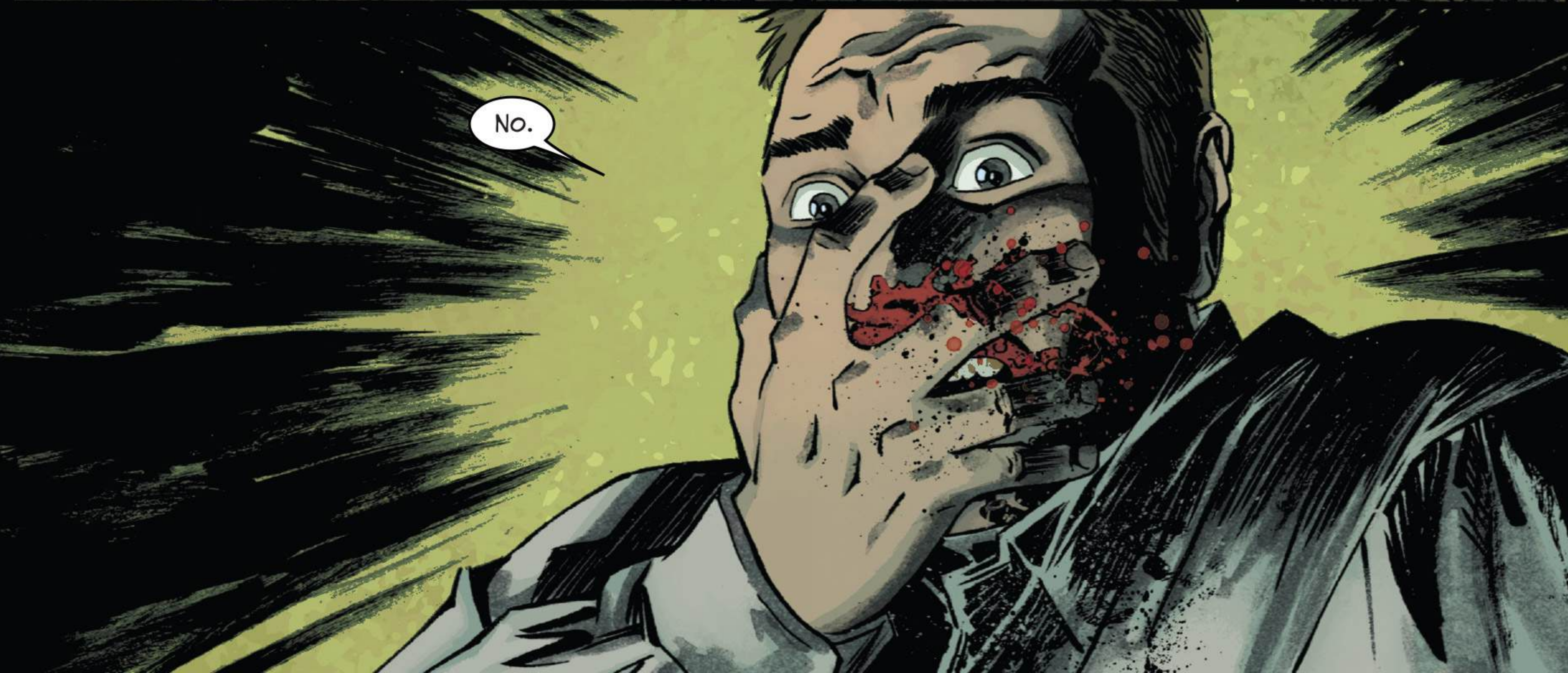


I think I'm
dead but I
can't stop
dreaming.













One of the first test subjects. Off the books. I found him on Craigslist.

I found out too late that he had some kind of fungal infection in his brain that was killing him.

He died in the dreamstate.



I...I couldn't have anyone find out.

I wrapped him up and put him in the floor.

Just for now. Just until...



Look at him. Down there in the damp. Rank with whatever crap you were putting into him.

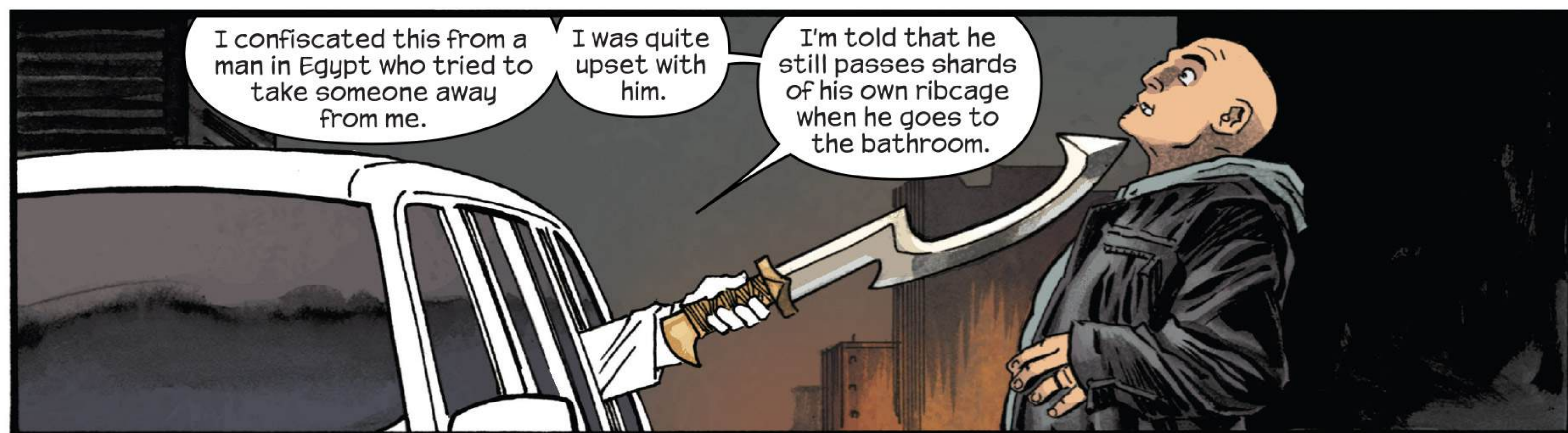
His brain sporulated.



You've been breathing in his dreams.



MOON KNIGHT





Now then. You have taken someone away from their home. I'm not interested in the politics of crime families, so don't even try to justify it.

You took someone who was traveling at night. On their way home from a school event. You don't do that in New York City.

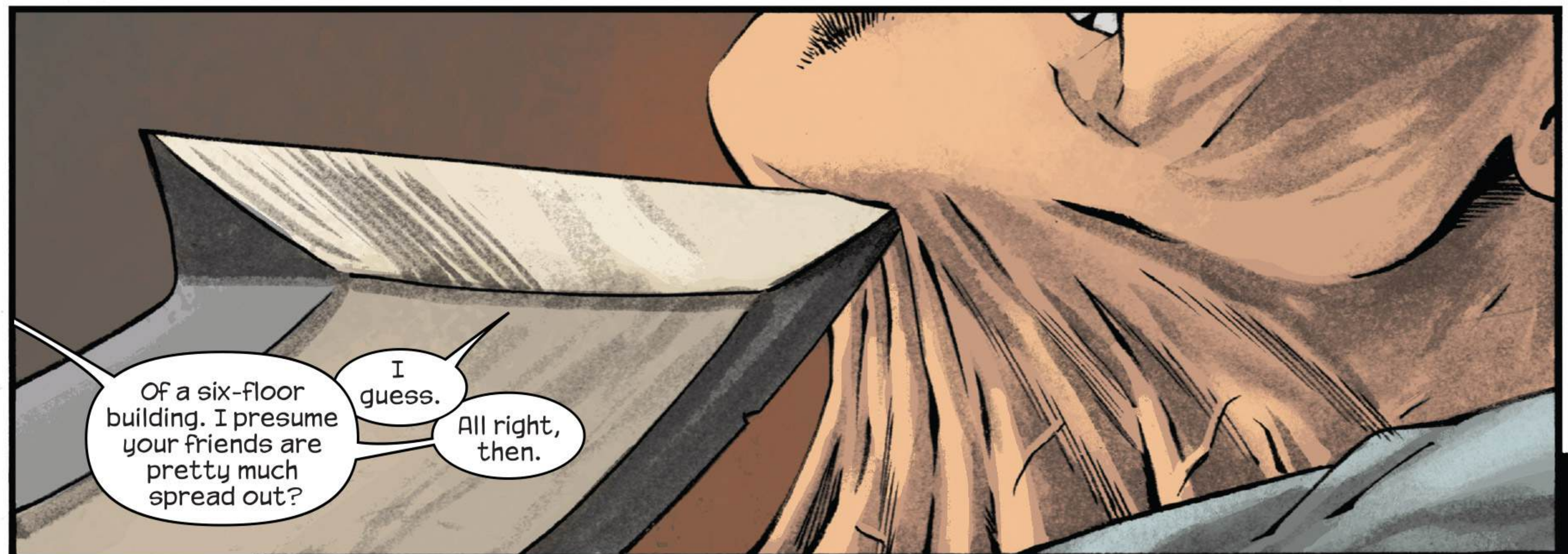


How many people are holding that person in there?

...a dozen. Maybe more.

Where's your abductee?

Fifth floor.



Of a six-floor building. I presume your friends are pretty much spread out?

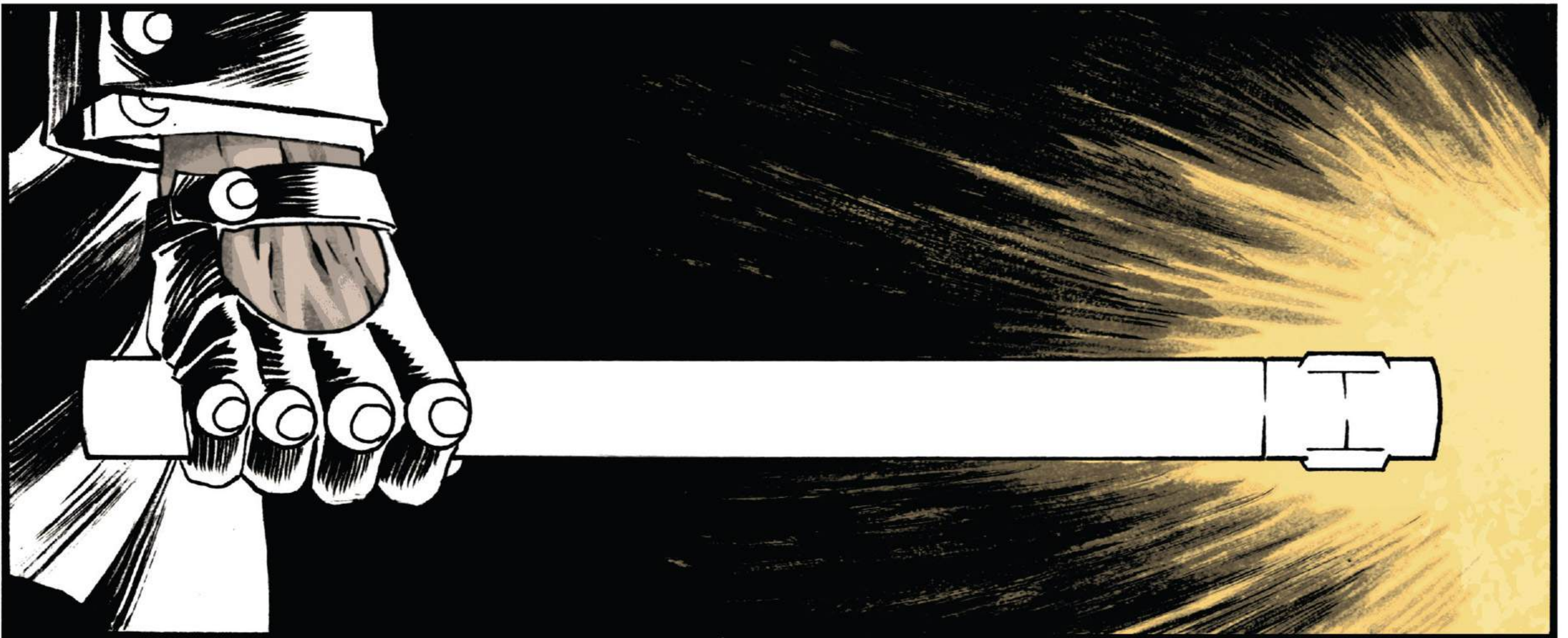
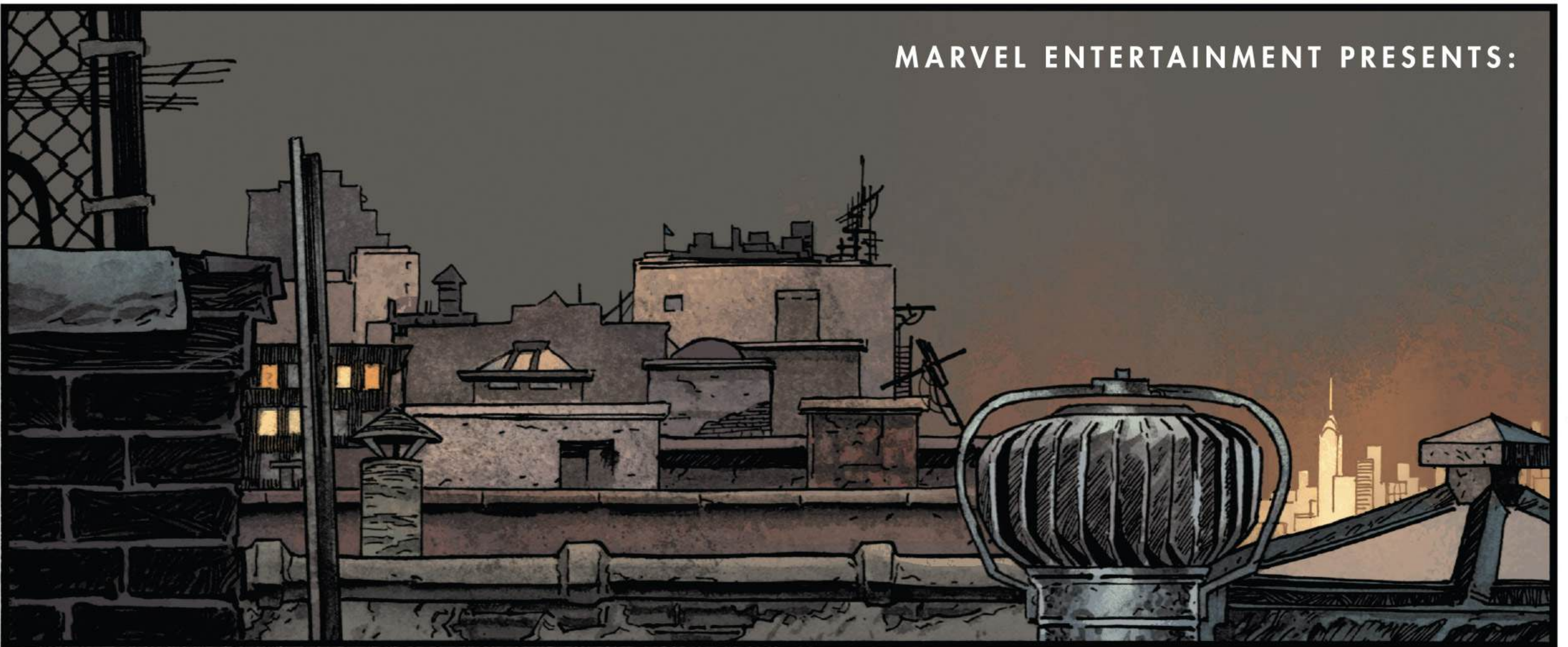
I guess.

All right, then.

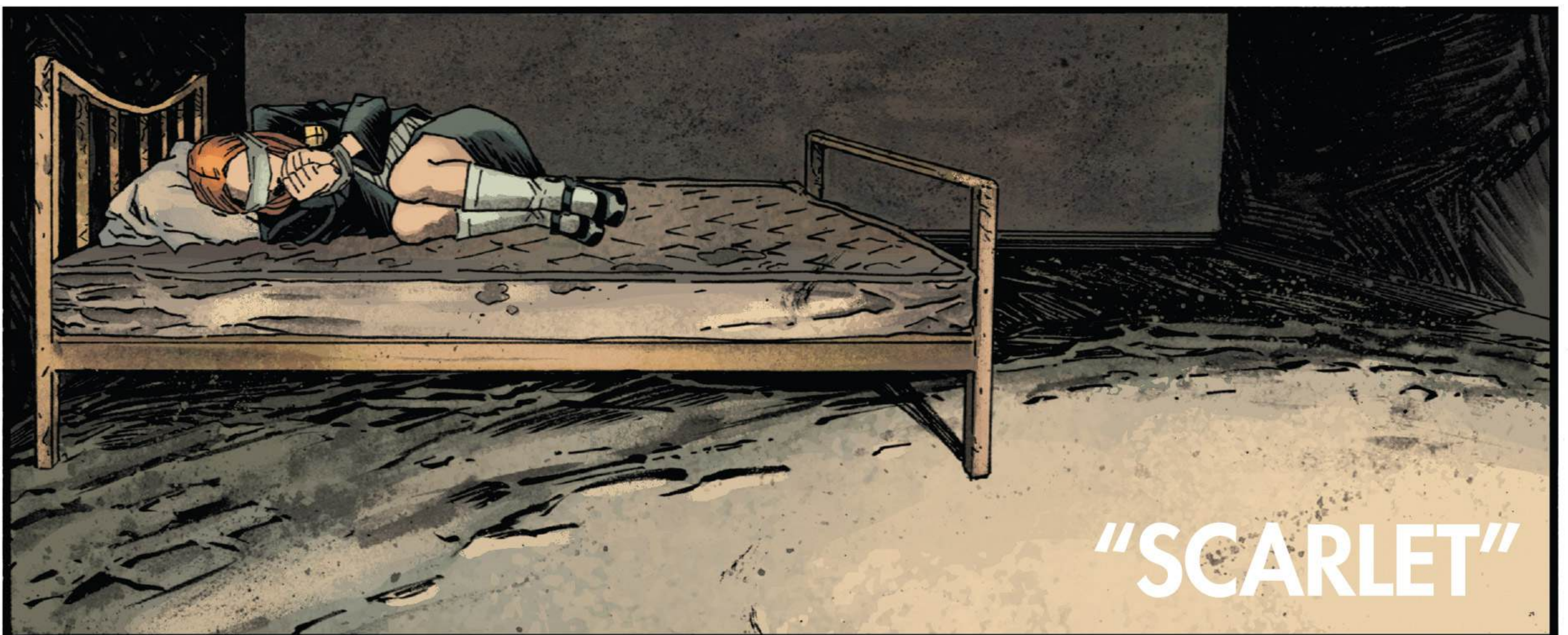


May as well go through the front door.

MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS:



MOON KNIGHT

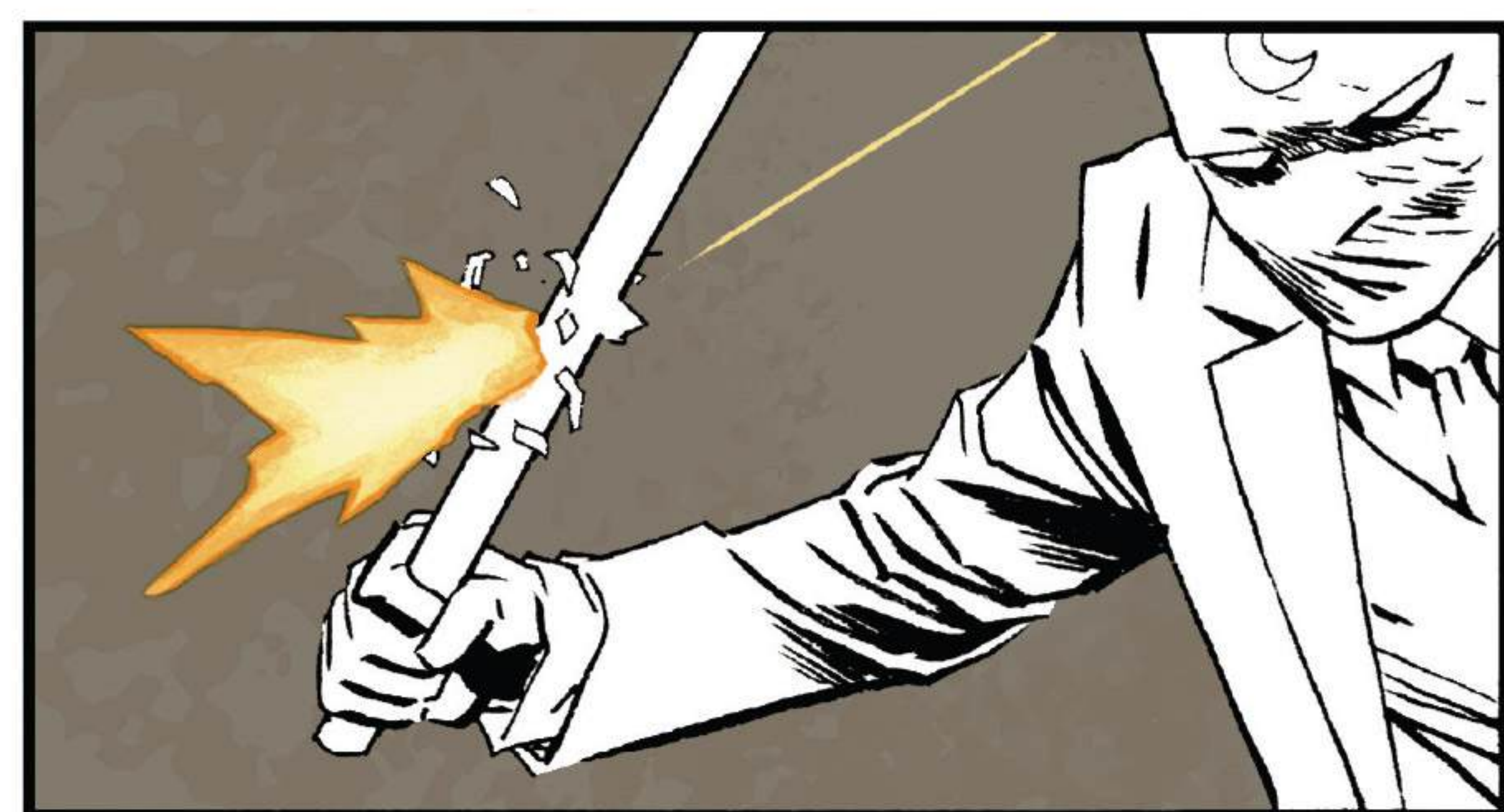


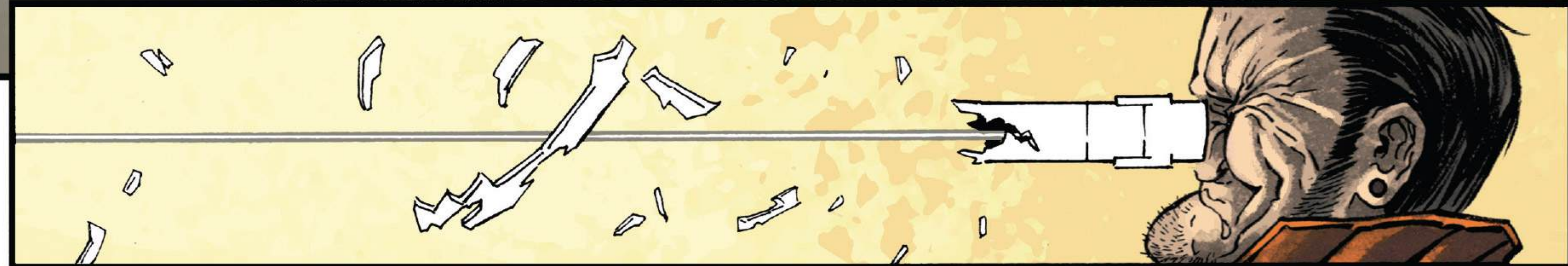
"SCARLET"



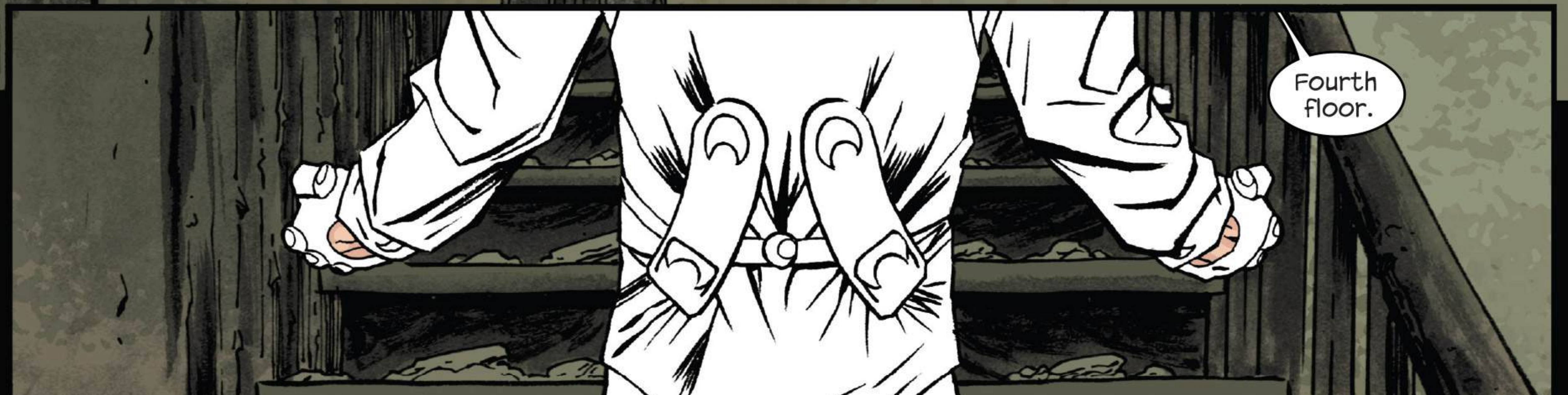




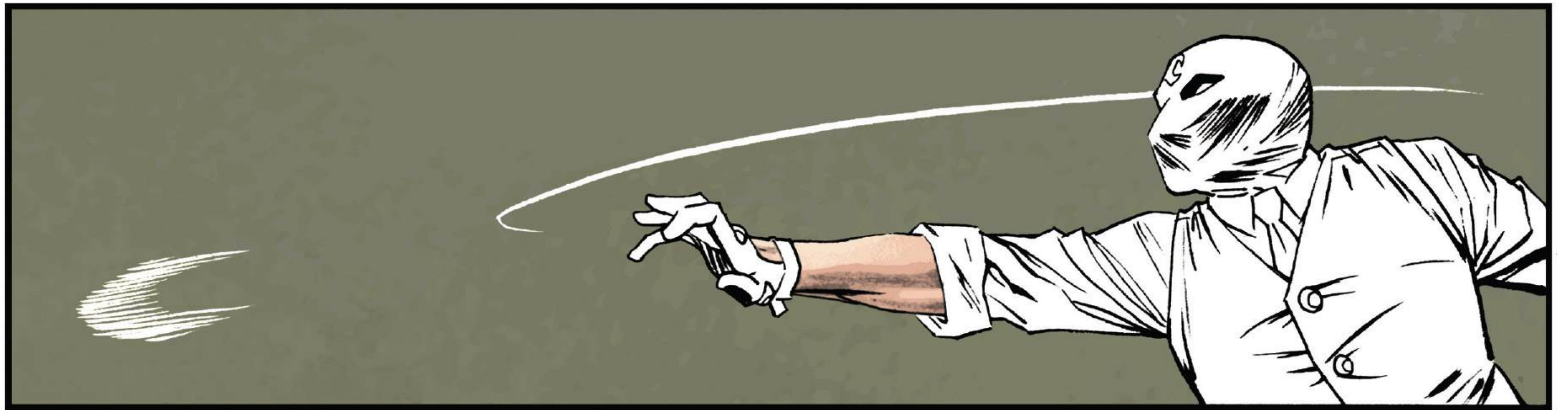










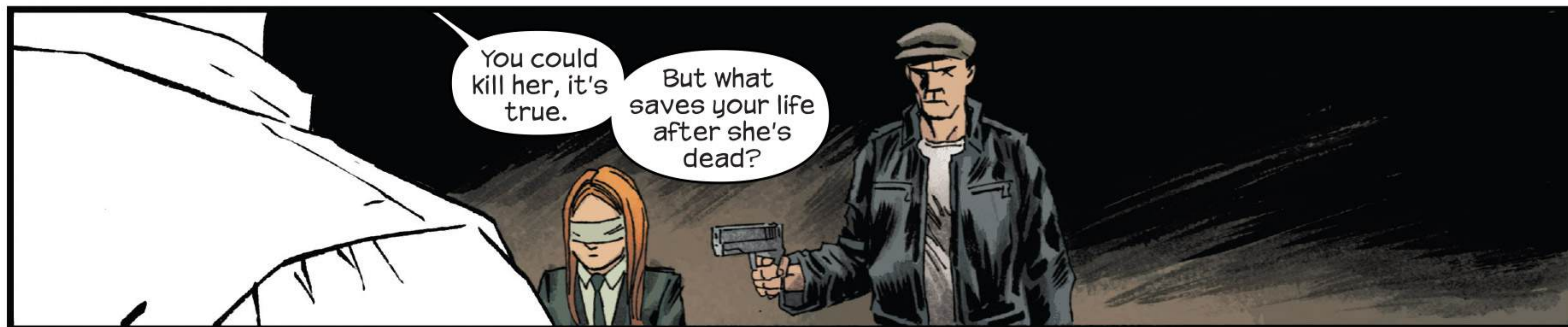


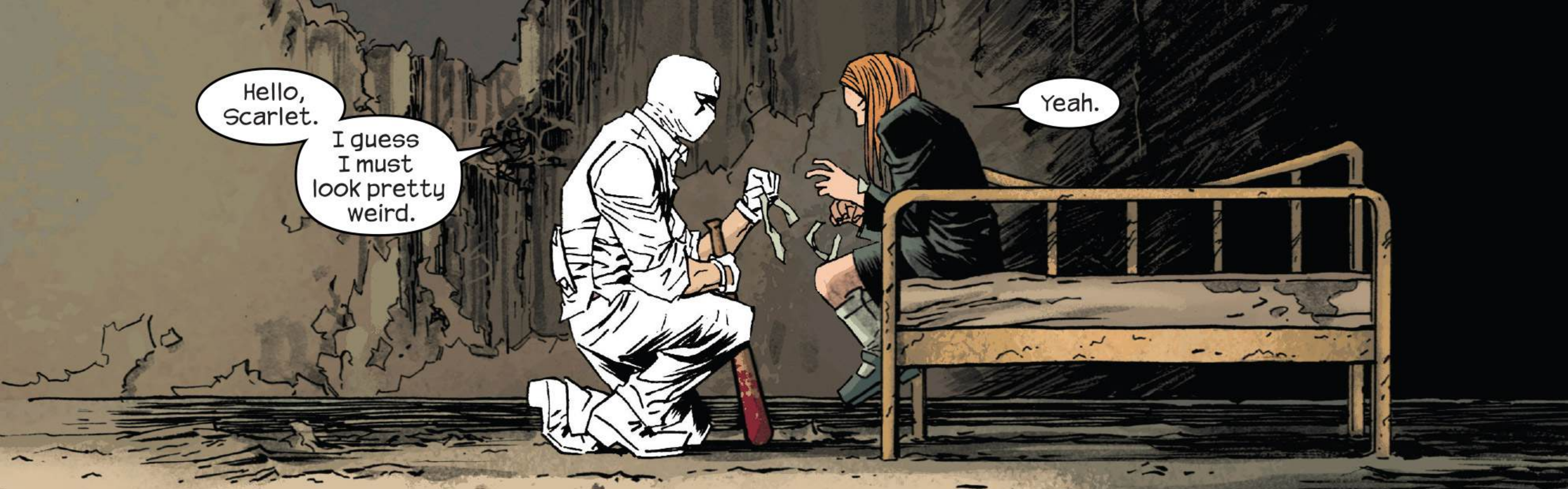












Hello, Scarlet.

I guess I must look pretty weird.

Yeah.



My name's Mr. Knight.

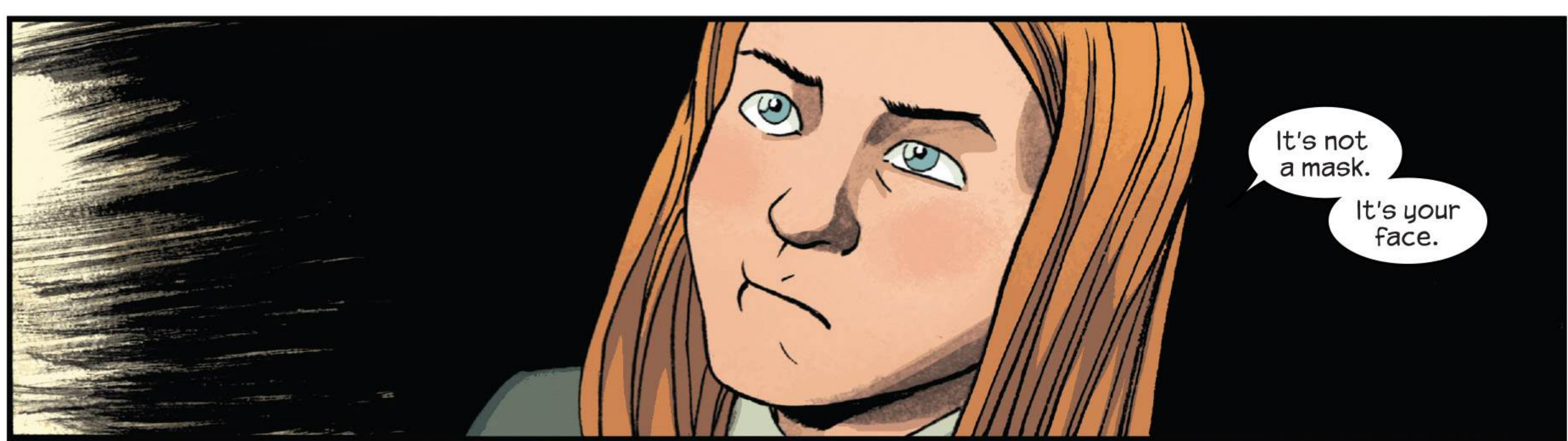
The police will be here to pick you up in a little bit. You can tell them you met me.



Your face.

It's a mask. Did they hurt you at all?

No. They just carried me places.



It's not a mask.

It's your face.



Smart kid.

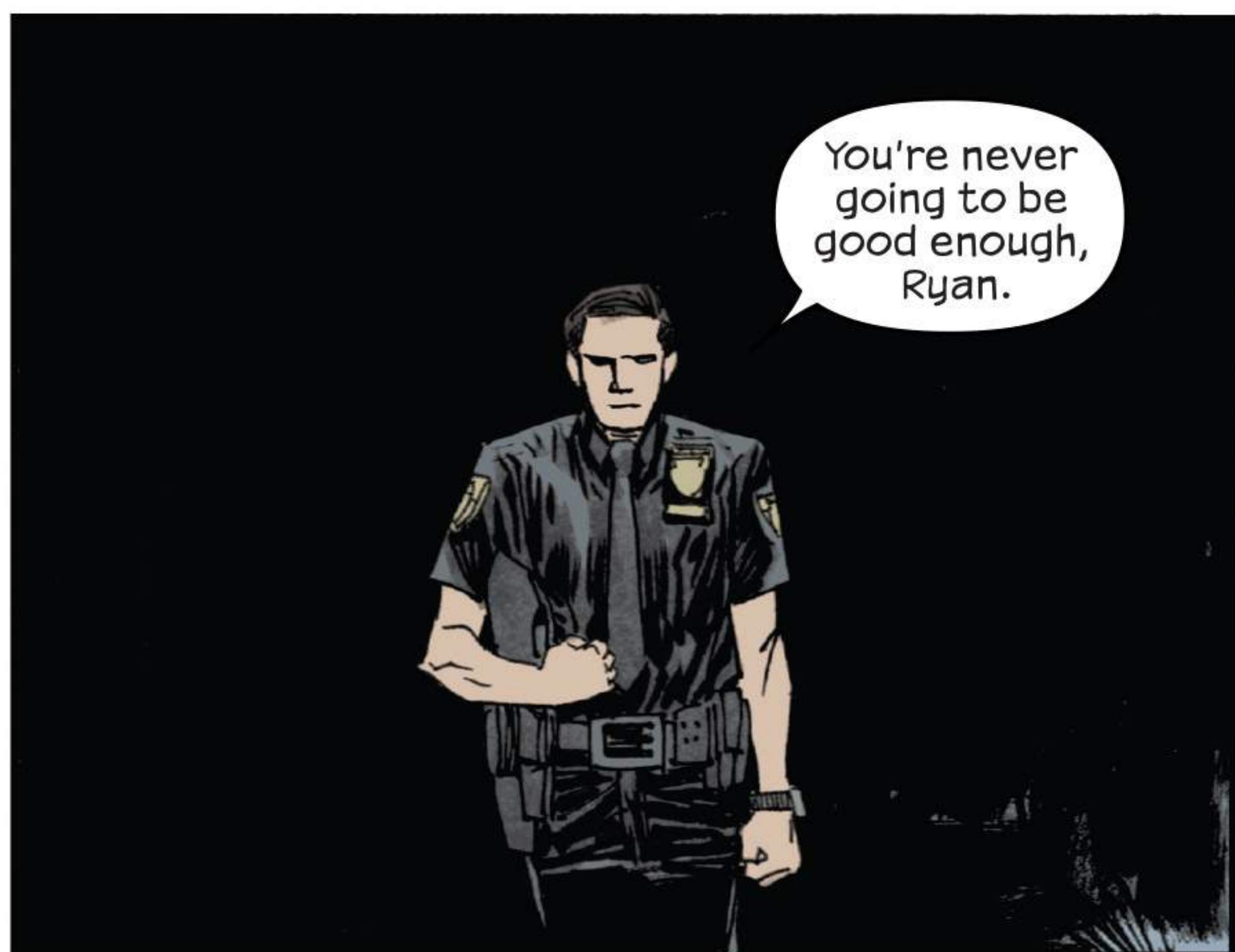


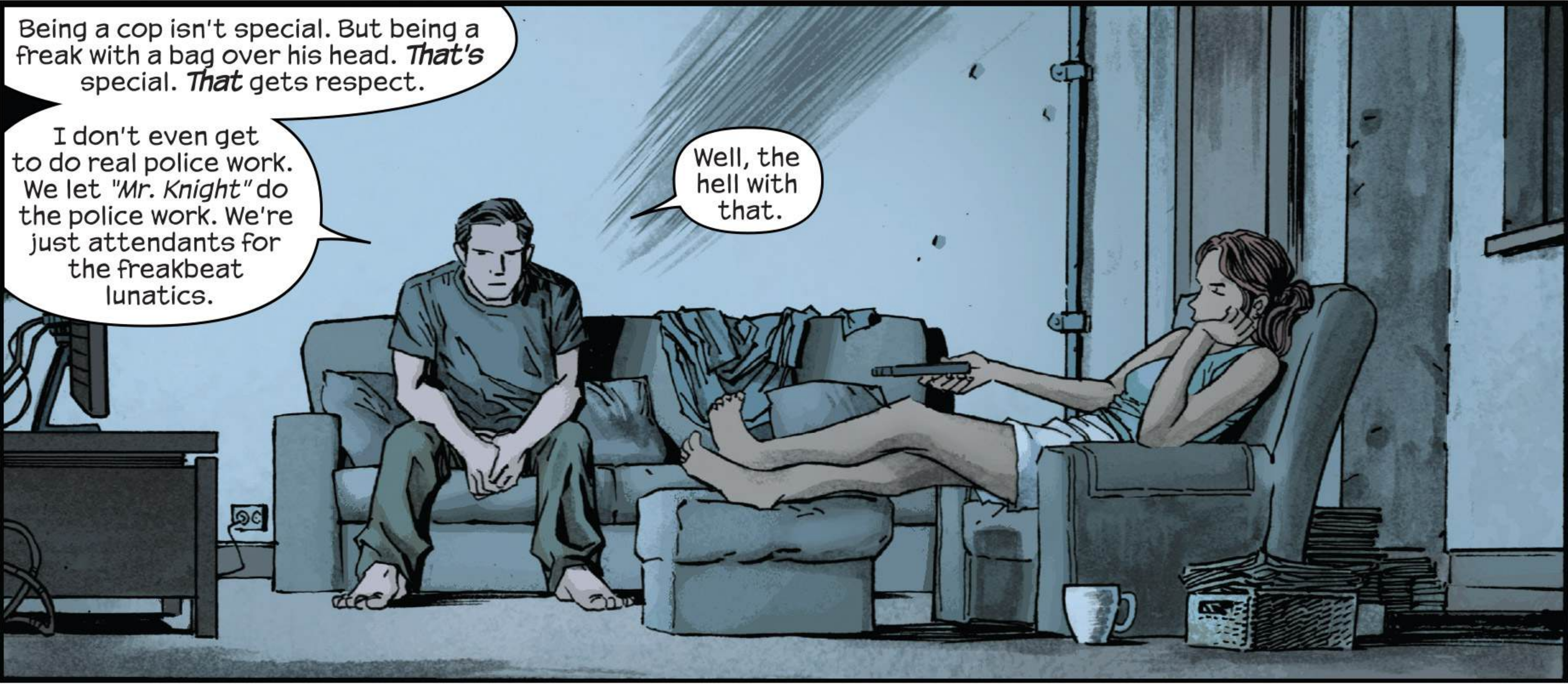




MOON KNIGHT









"MOON KNIGHT"
(UNKNOWN SUBJECT)



NAME: UNKNOWN
ADDRESS: UNKNOWN
CHARGES: SEE APPENDIX 1.2
CLASS: VIGILANTE
 POSSIBLE SUPERHUMAN COMBATANT

KNOWN ANTAGONISTS:

RAOUL BUSHMAN
 SCARLET FASINERA
 CARSON KNOWLES



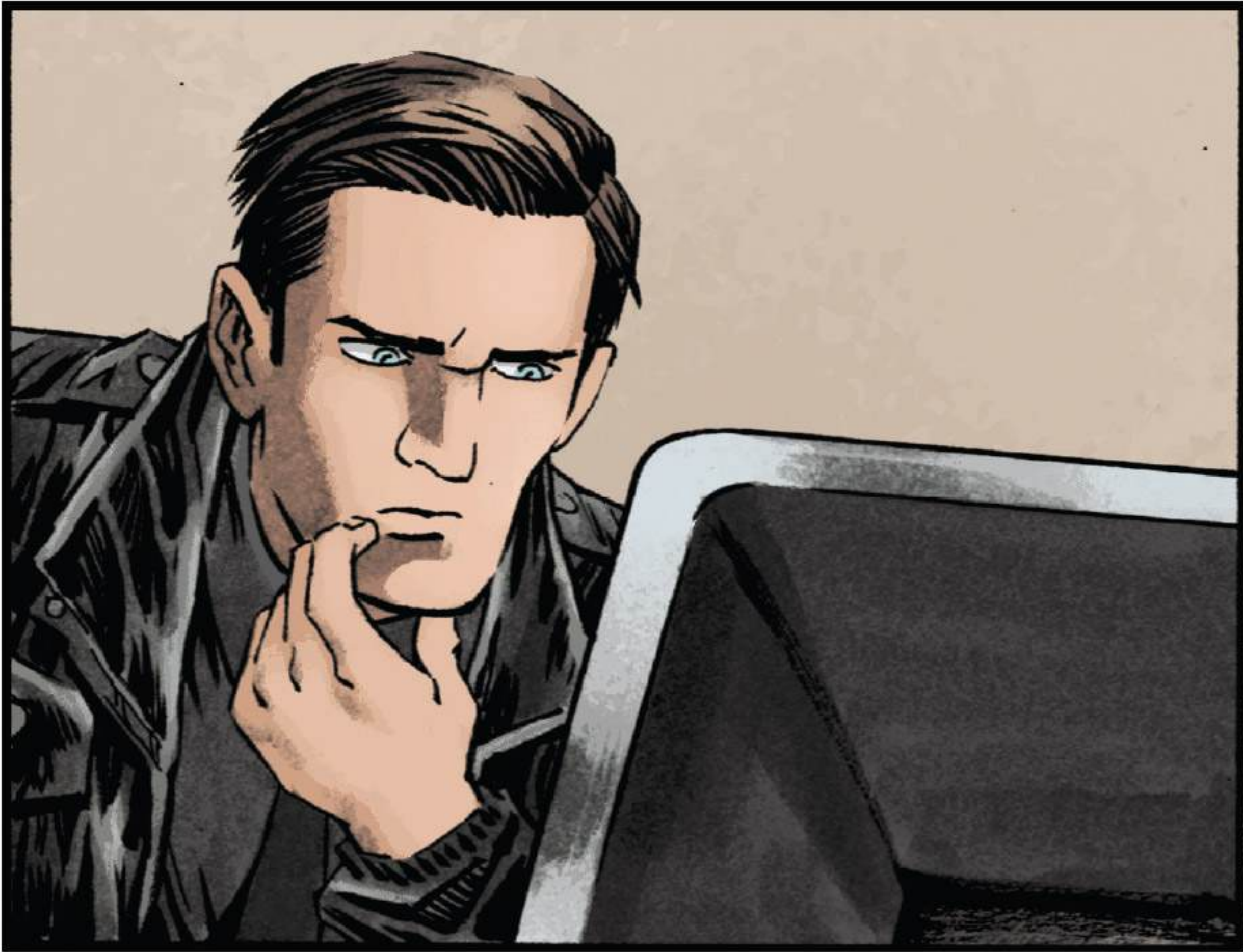
KNOWN ANTAGONISTS:

RAOUL BUSHMAN
SCARLET FASINERA
CARSON KNOWLES
ROBERT MARKHAM

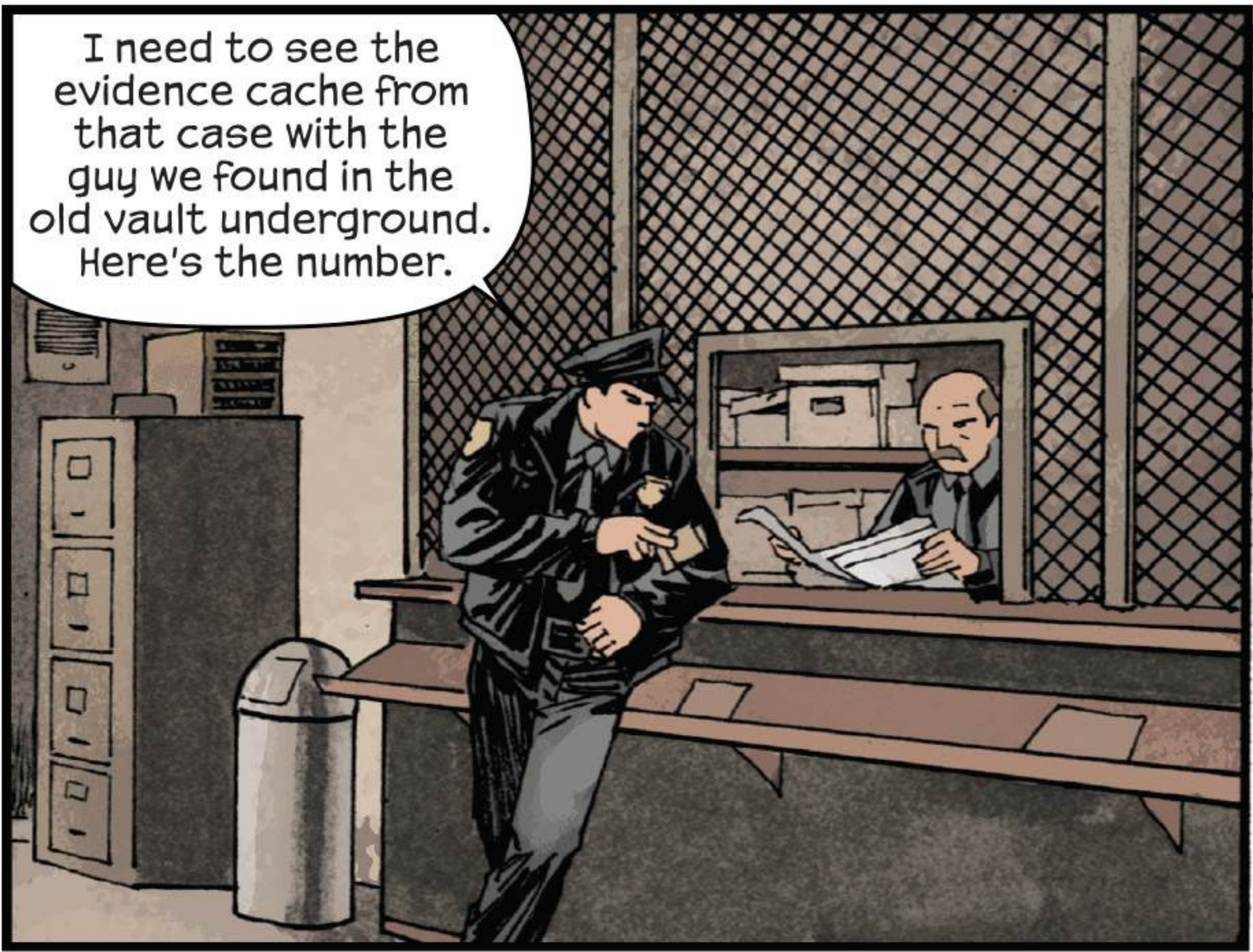
CARSON KNOWLES

AKA
"BLACK SPECTRE"

MILITARY VETERAN
FATHER (POLITICIAN)
MOTHER (DECEASED)
SPOUSE (REMARRIED)
SON (DECEASED)



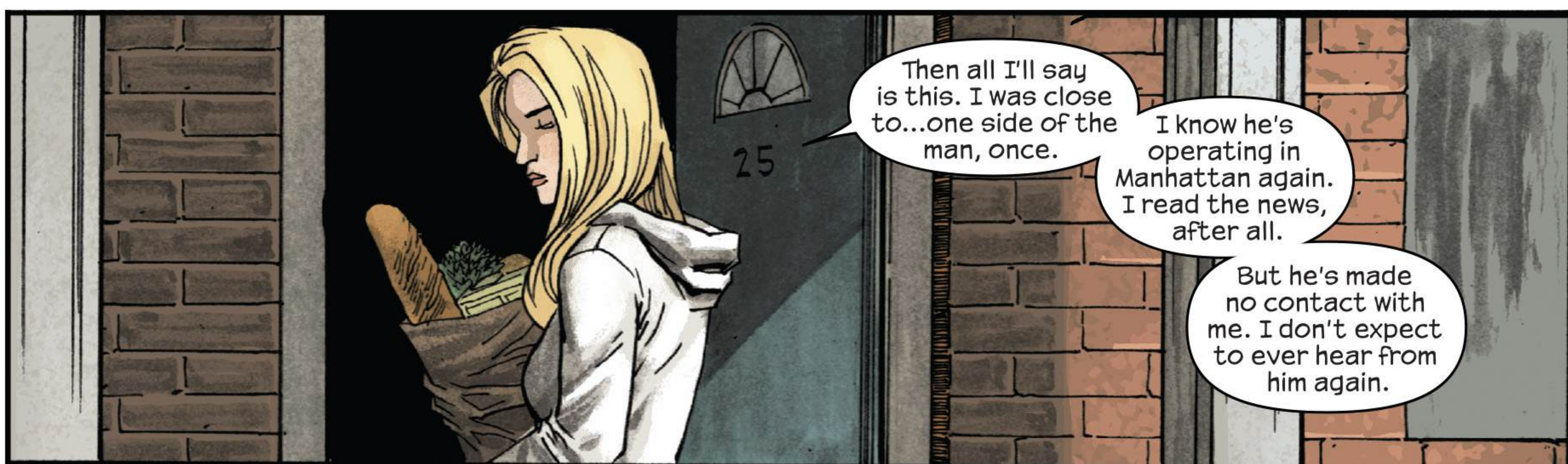
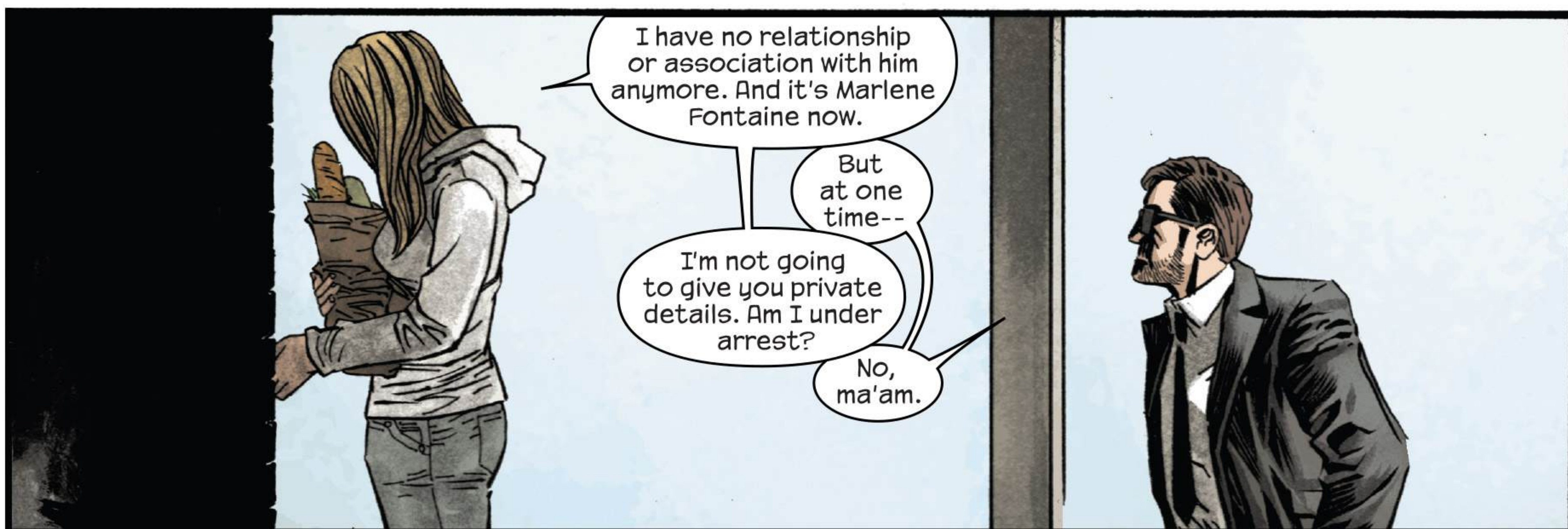
I need to see the evidence cache from that case with the guy we found in the old vault underground. Here's the number.



Sure, I can get you that one. Who d'you wanna say signed it out?







Is that because he's mentally ill?

It's because... look. You wouldn't have come to me unless you'd read whatever dossier you keep on him.

He died. He came back. I fell in love with the man I thought he came back as.

But it turned out that either that man was never really there--

--or he never really came back from the dead.

Jean-Paul Duchamp?

I'm with S.H.I.E.L.D. I just have a couple of questions.

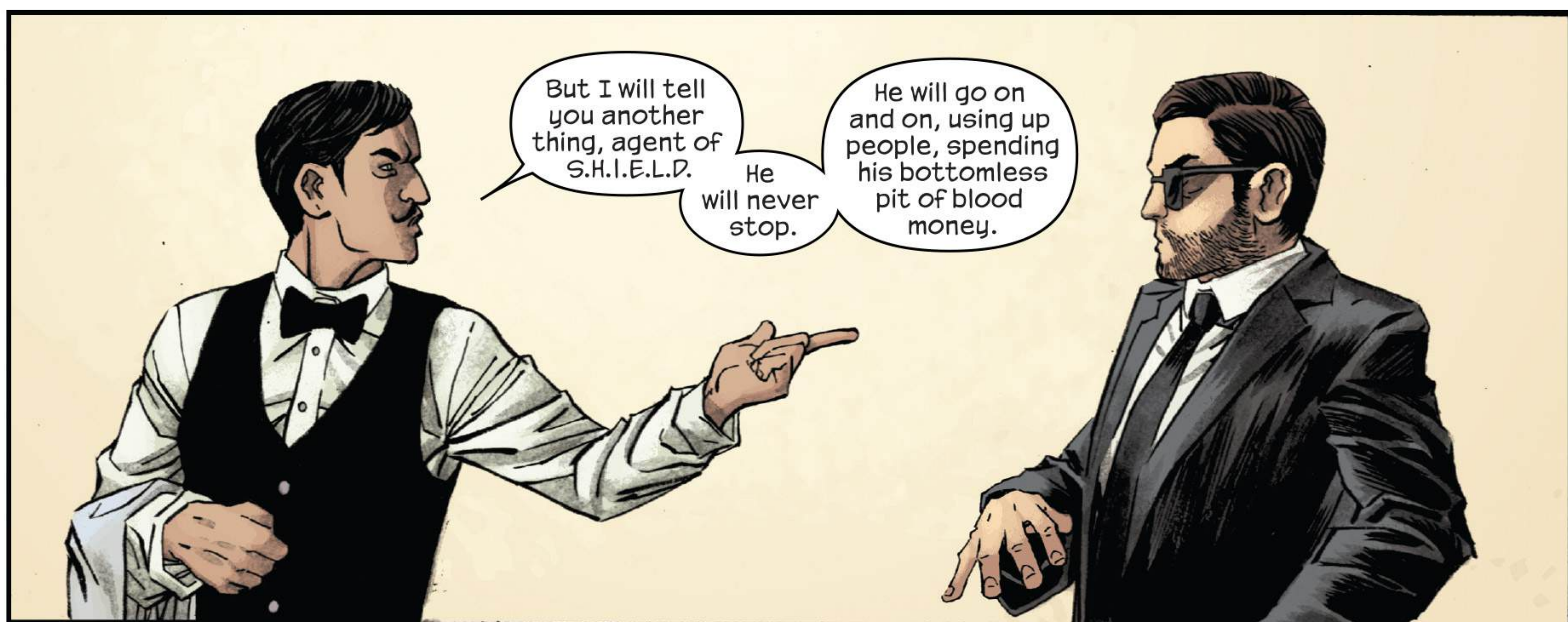
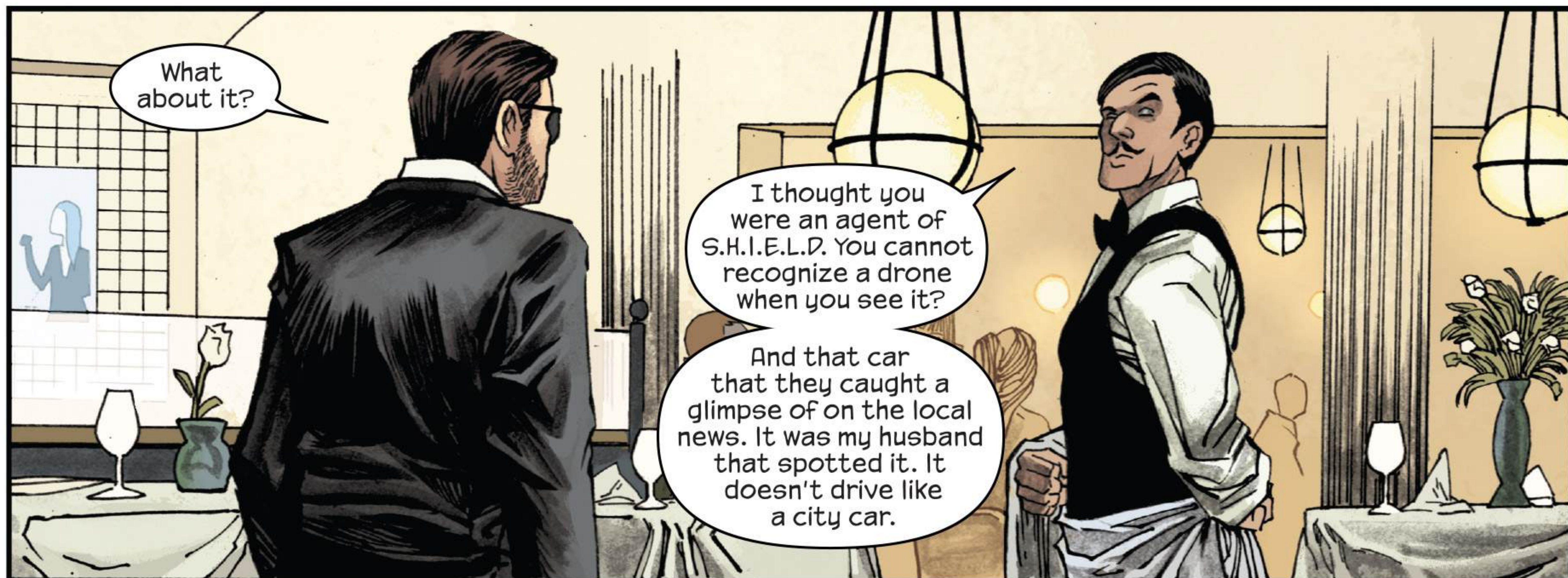
Oui, oui. I watch the news. He is back.

You were seen working with him more than once. You continued to...?

Not now. I have not seen him in many years. I am not working with him. I do not believe that anybody is.

Really?

I watch the news. I have seen the footage of his helo.

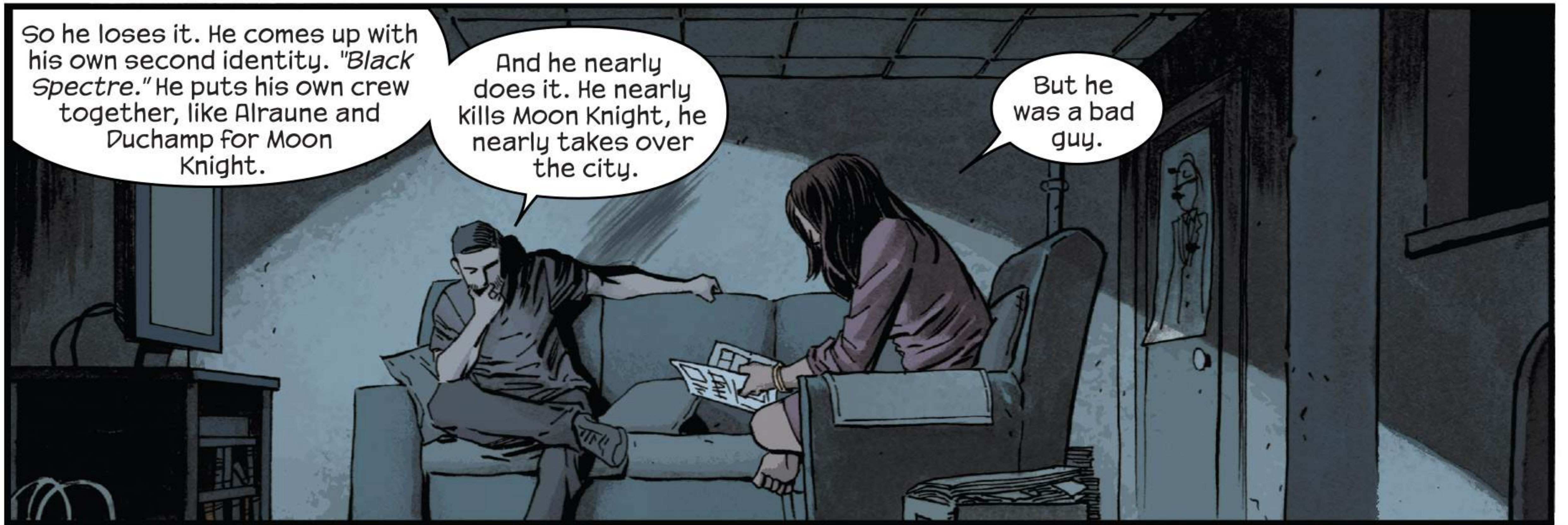




So, this guy, Knowles, he comes back, and he's crazy, right?

He wants to become mayor. He wants to top what his father did and make his wife sorry she ran off with some other guy.

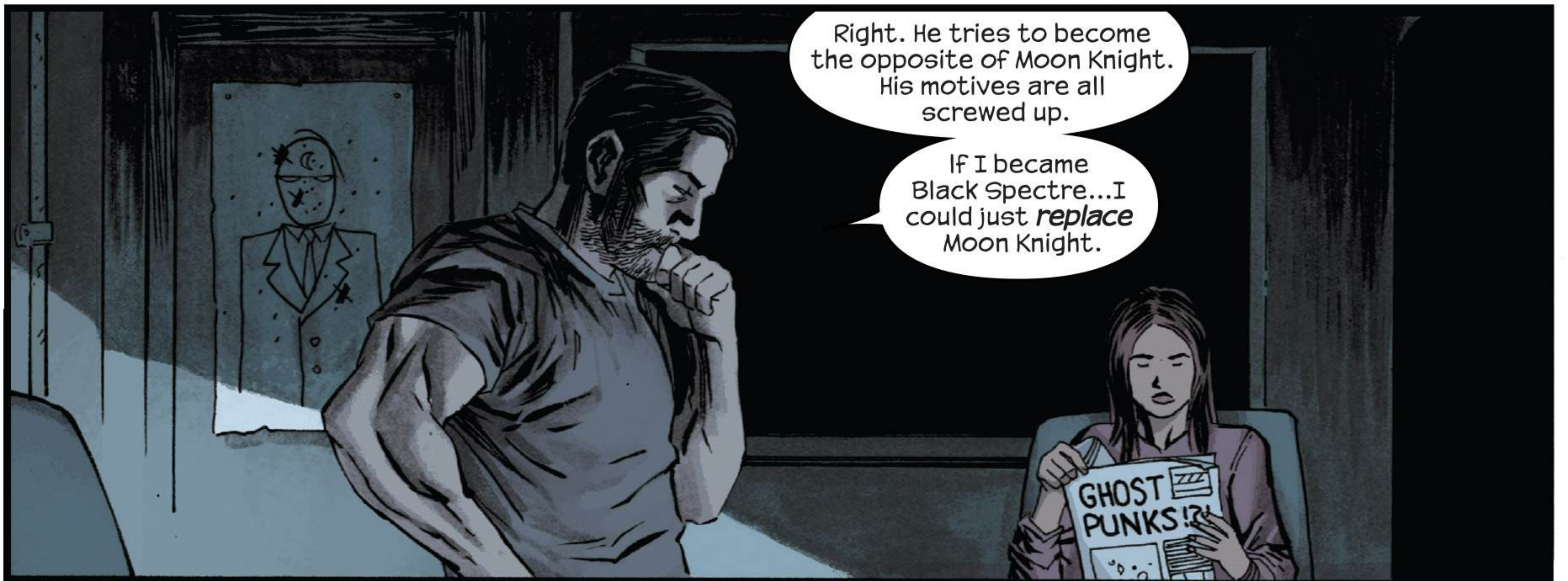
But he sees Moon Knight. And he sees a guy who is admired for doing the state's job, in disguise.



So he loses it. He comes up with his own second identity. "Black Spectre." He puts his own crew together, like Alraune and Duchamp for Moon Knight.

And he nearly does it. He nearly kills Moon Knight, he nearly takes over the city.

But he was a bad guy.



Right. He tries to become the opposite of Moon Knight. His motives are all screwed up.

If I became Black Spectre...I could just **replace** Moon Knight.



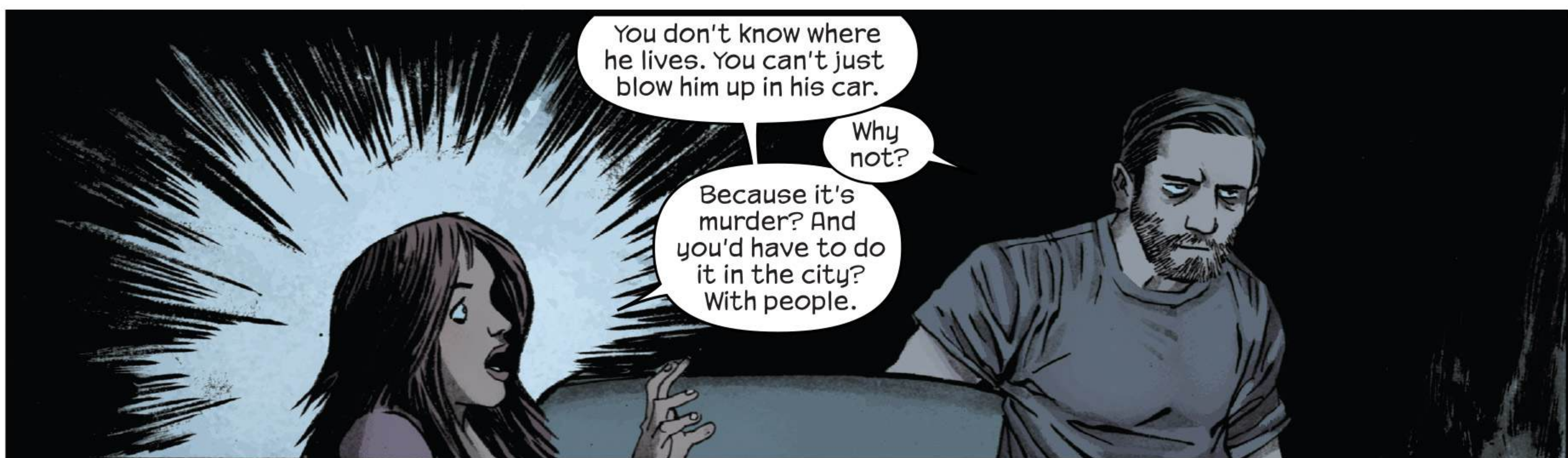
He doesn't need a crew. So I don't need a crew.

He's got some crappy background in mercenary warfare. I'm a goddamn New York City police officer.



Can you imagine that old bastard Flint's face when I eventually reveal that the freakbeat detective in a mask is really a street cop he disrespected?

No more sweepersquad uniform backup duty for me. I'll be on homicide and wearing a sharp suit in a second.



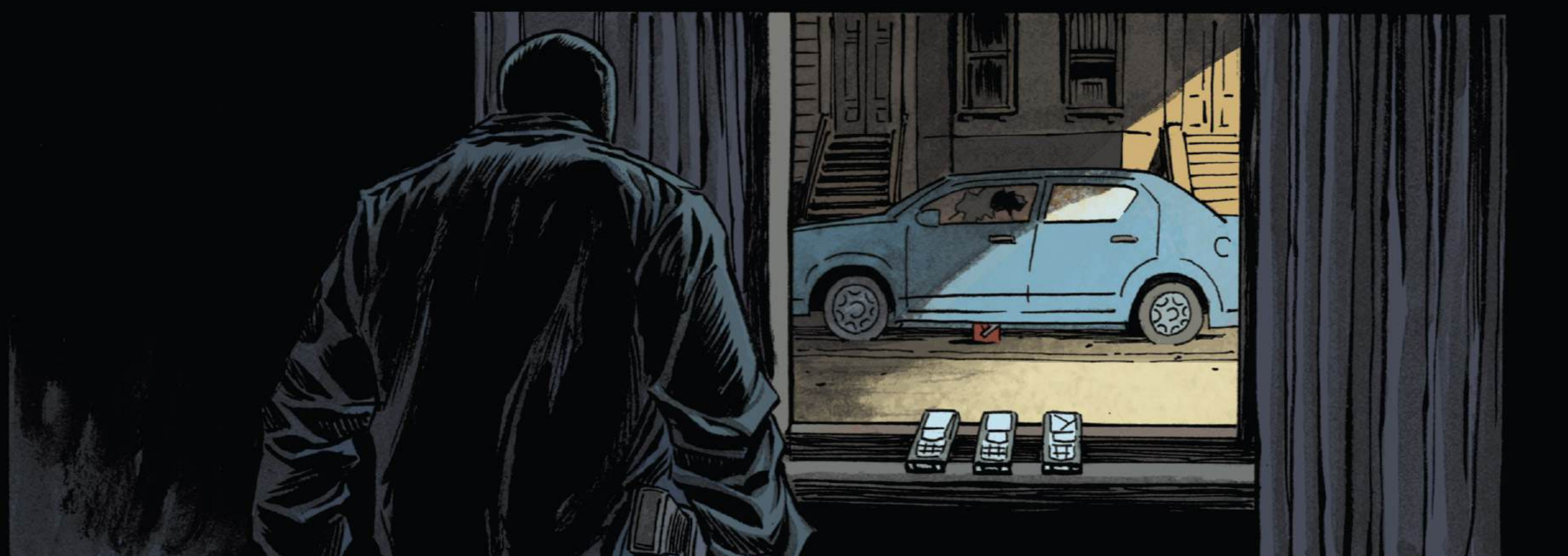




Intelligent listening system has one captured phone conversation for your attention:

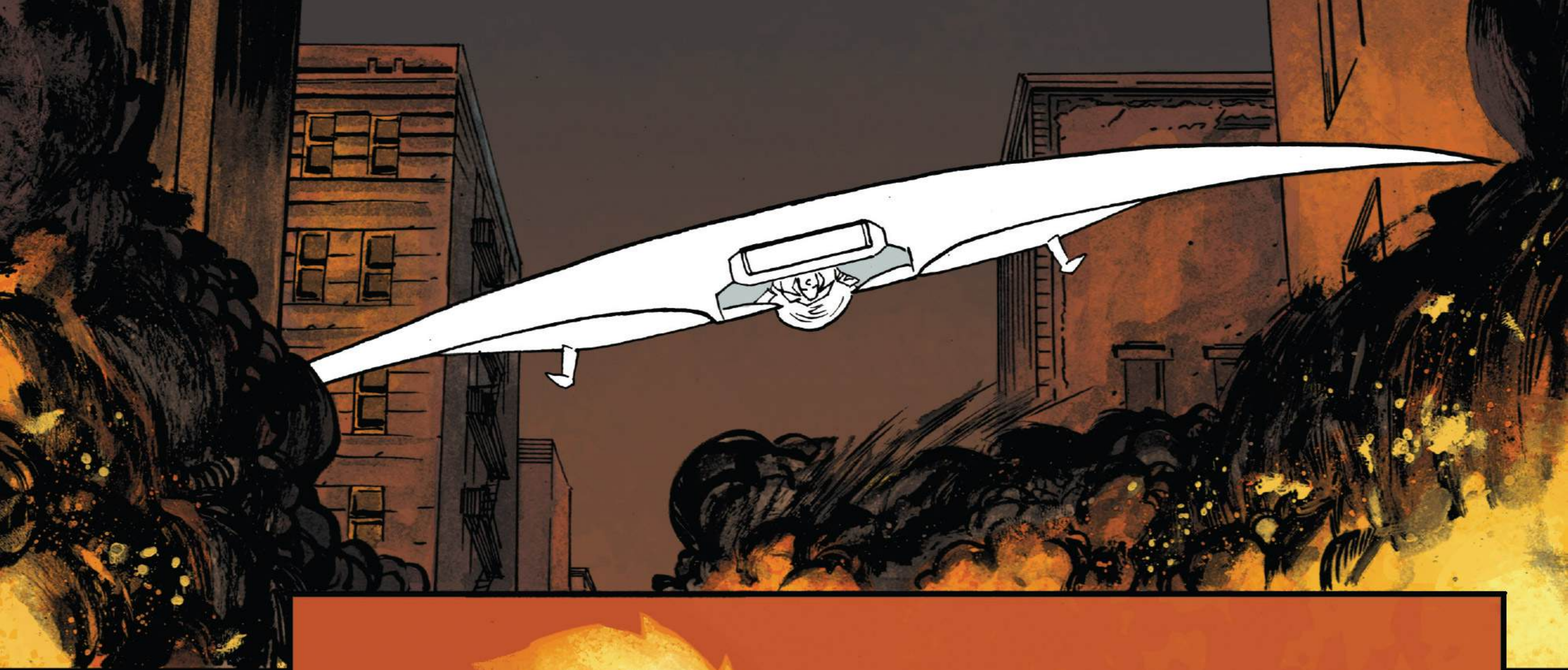
Police? Yes?
There's a guy with no face, and he's actually cutting people's faces off, and yelling for Moon Knight? He's at--



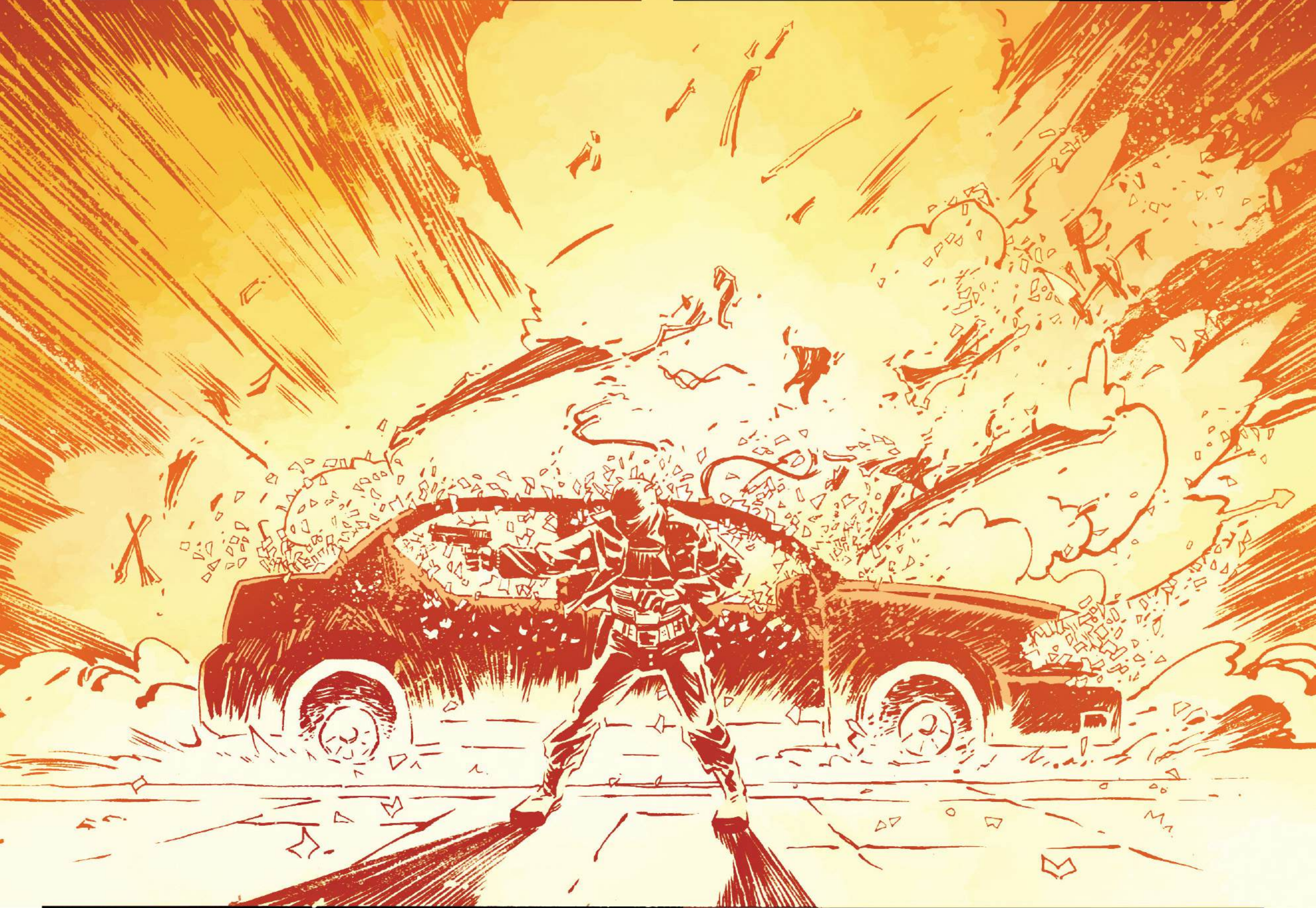
















MOON KNIGHT

"SPECTRE" 



MOON KNIGHT #1 VARIANT BY ADI GRANOV



MOON KNIGHT #1 VARIANT BY SKOTTIE YOUNG



MOON KNIGHT #1 ANIMAL VARIANT BY KATIE COOK



MOON KNIGHT #1 VARIANT BY BILL SIENKIEWICZ

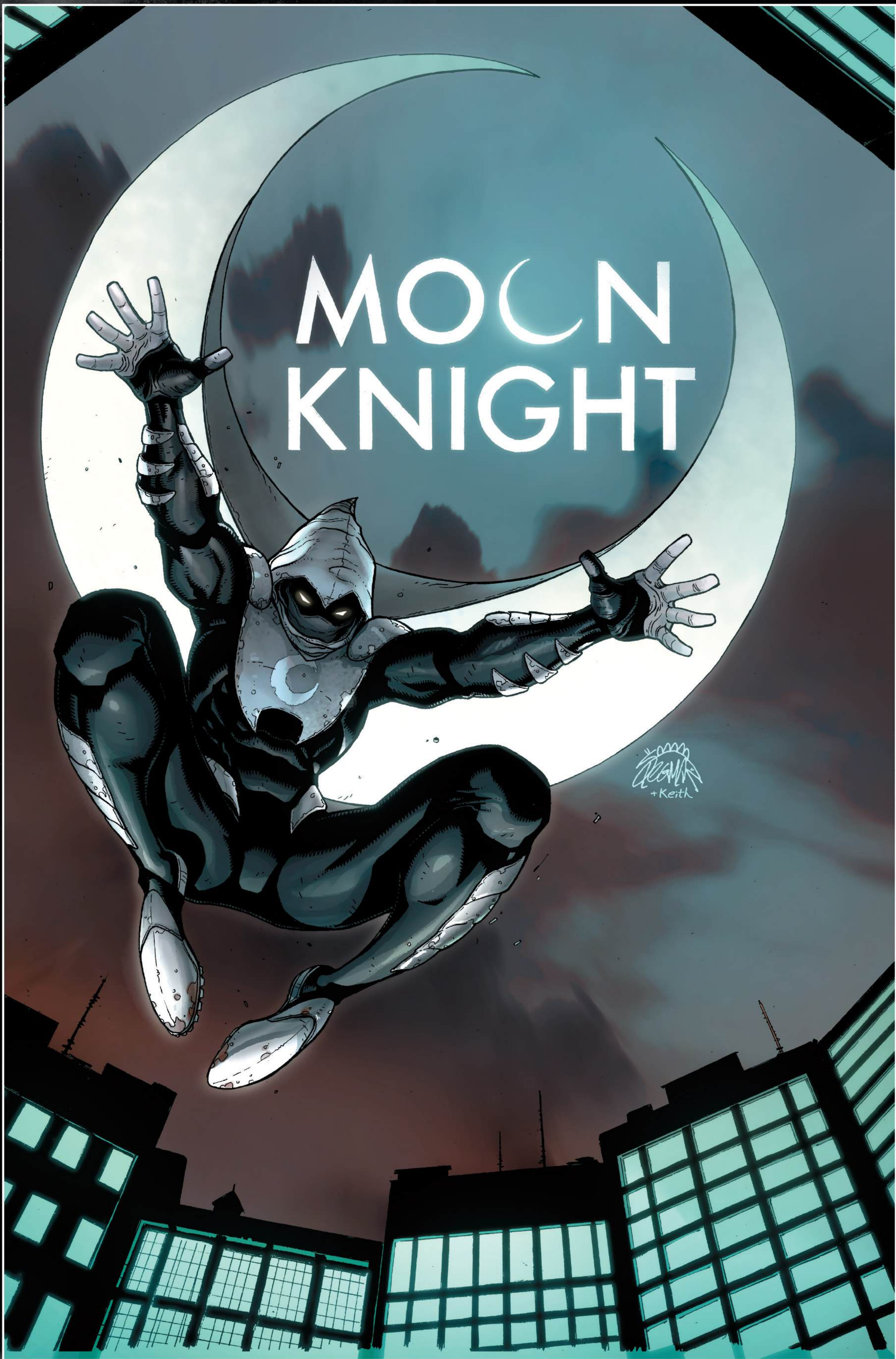
MOON KNIGHT

warren ellis
declan shalvey

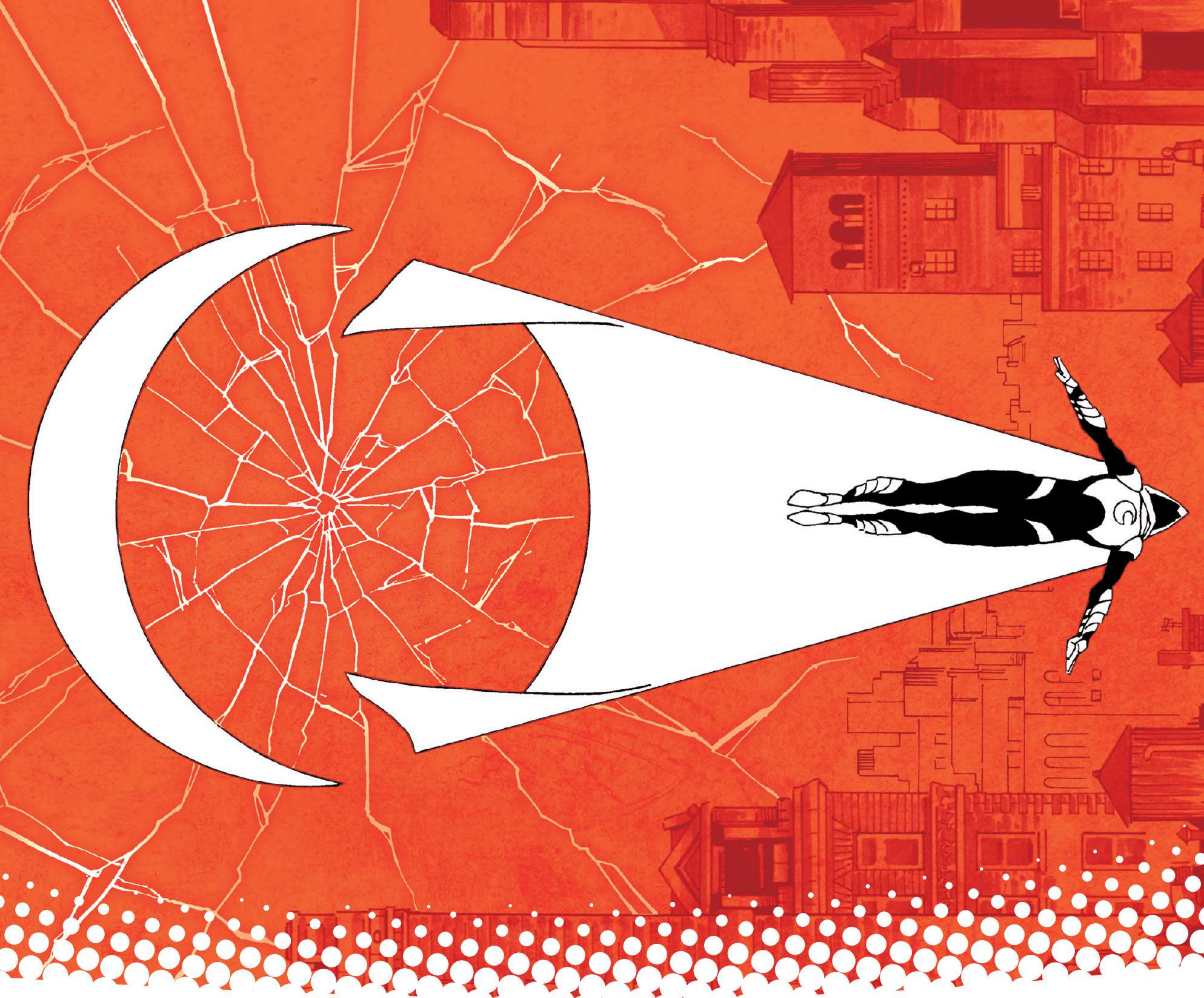
No. 2



MOON KNIGHT #2 PULP VARIANT BY PHIL NOTO



MOON KNIGHT #3 VARIANT BY RYAN STEGMAN & JASON KEITH



"Ellis, Shalvey and Bellaire are cooking up something really special here, and exploring a gritty part of the Marvel Universe that we haven't seen in a while." —Comicosity.com

MARC SPECTOR IS MOON KNIGHT! OR /S HE?

It's hard to tell these days, especially when New York's wildest vigilante protects the street with two-fisted justice and three, that's right, three different personalities! But even with the mystical force of Egyptian moon-god Khonshu fueling his crusade, how does the night's greatest detective save a city that's as twisted as he is? The road to victory is going to hurt. A lot. Be there as Moon Knight punches ghosts (!), investigates a sleep experiment that's driving its patients insane, travels to the mushroom graveyard planet (!!), faces the Black Spectre and takes on twenty mob enforcers to save an abductee — alone. Marvel's most mind-bending adventure begins as Moon Knight sleuths his way to the rotten core of New York's most bizarre mysteries!

Collecting *Moon Knight* (2014) #1-6, written by Warren Ellis and illustrated by Declan Shalvey.

T+

MARVEL

